THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

——NO LEVELL'D MALICE
INFECTS ONE COMMA OF THE COURSE I HOLD.—*Shakspeare.*

VOL. XIV. NO. 720. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 30 1831. NEW SERIES, NO. 14.

Published Saturday Evenings, at No. 36, Congress-street corner of Lindall-street, by
FREDERIC S. HILL.

WILLIAM MARDEN, PRINTER.

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS a year, payable in advance. Subscribers not paying in advance, or withholding payment, when bills are presented, will be charged at the rate of THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS. No paper discontinued but by order of the subscriber or at the decision of the proprietors. Subscribers by the quarter must pay ONE DOLLAR a quarter in advance.

AGENTS.

New-York, (Clinton Hall,) Chas. Lagarenne Bell.
Philadelphia, Thomas T. Ash.
Baltimore, (Md.) William Porter.
Georgetown, (D. C.) Benjamin Hemans, Esq.
Savannah, (Geo.) Thomas M. Driscoll & Co.
Natchez, (Miss.) Charles W. Babbit.
Portsmouth, Childs & Marsh.
Portland, (Me.) Samuel Colman.
Windsor, (Vt.) Frederick Pettes.
Newburyport, (Mass.) M. Lord, Postmaster.
Medford, (Mass.) Charles Onion, Postmaster.
Barnstable, (Mass.) Matthew Cobb

Anecdotes of Women.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AMERICAN ANECDOTES.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The exquisite feeling which pervaded the heart of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was never more strongly exemplified than in her conduct respecting Sir Charles Asgil, who, but for her interference, would have shared the fate of Major Andre. The letter which the queen despatched to General Washington, not only preserved the life of this gallant officer, but immortalized the benign spirit which actuated the soul of his truly illustrious advocate. The reception given by the queen to Lady Asgil at Versailles, when she went to thank her for the preservation of a beloved son, was almost unexampled: she raised the amiable mother in her arms, and mingled tears of genuine sensibility with those of the noblest the purest maternal fondness.

When this lovely and amiable queen was condemned by the revolutionary tribunal of France, and the sentence was read to her, she was asked, "Have you nothing to answer upon the determination of the law?" She answered, "Nothing." "And you, officious defenders?" said the president addressing himself to her counsel. "Our mission is fulfilled with respect to the widow Capet," was the reply.

The unfortunate princess suffered under the guillotine, the day after her condemnation. The execution took place in the Place de la Revolution, where Louis XVI. had suffered before her. The streets were lined by two very close rows of armed citizens. As soon as the queen left the Conciergerie, to ascend the scaffold, the multitude which was assembled in the courts and the streets, cried out *bravo*, in the midst of plaudits. Marie Antoinette had on a loose white dress, and her hands were tied behind her back. She looked firmly round her on all sides. She was accompanied by the rector of St. Landry, and on the scaffold preserved her natural dignity of deportment.

After the execution, three young persons dipped their handkerchiefs in her blood.—They were immediately arrested.

The queen had been basely calumniated, yet, during her trial, not one particle of evidence was adduced, tending to taint her moral character, although rewards and honors, were held out to any person who would accuse her with the slightest appearance of probability.

FEMALE ENTHUSIASM.

It is especially when [illegible] influence of love, of jealousy, or of superstition, in the transports of maternal tenderness, or in the manner in which they partake of popular emotions—it is in these cases, more than in any other, that woman excites our astonishment and admiration; beautiful as the seraphim of Klopstock, terrible as the demon of Milton. The distinctions of a busy and contentious life, interrupt and repress the passions of men; but a woman broods in silence and retirement over those which occupy her mind. "To plunge a woman into madness, who is under the influence of intense emotion," says M. Diderot, "it is only necessary that she attain the solitude she seeks. "A man," he continues, "never sat at Delphi on the sacred tripod; a woman alone could [illegible] her mind to than oracle, could alone [illegible] imagine the approach of a God [illegible] parting with emotions, such a pitch, as serious[illegible] to cry, "*I perceive him! I perceive him! I am [illegible]re! the god!*" It was a woman, too that walked bare-footed in the streets of Alexandria, with dishevelled hair, a torch in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other, exclaiming, "*I will burn the heavens with this torch, and extinguish the fires of hell with this water, that man may love his God for himself alone.*" Such parts are to be acted by woman alone.

DANGER OF INSINCERITY.

The Empress Eudocia, amidst all the grandeur of so elevated a station, led a very studious and philosophic life, and lived very happily, till a trifling accident exposed her to the jealousy of her husband.

The Emperor, it is said, having sent her an apple of an extraordinary size, she sent it to Paulinus, whom she respected on account of his learning. Paulinus, not knowing from whom it came, presented it to the emperor, who soon after seeing the empress, asked her what she had done with the apple? Eudocia being apprehensive of raising suspicions in her husband, if she should tell him that she had given it to Paulinus, very unwisely declared that she had eaten it. Her confusion may easily be conceived, when the emperor produced the apple, and indignantly gave vent to his suspicions of the motive which had led to the present, and her disengenuous concealment of it. He ordered Paulinus to be put to death: but allowed Eudocia to retire to Jerusalem, where she spent many years in the most irreproachable manner, and distinguished herself by her acts of charity and beneficence.

A REPROOF.

Boursault in his Letters, relates an anecdote of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, daughter of Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII. to which he was an eye witness. She was amusing herself by playing with her domestics at the game of explaining proverbs by dumb show, and had already found out several by the gestures of the parties; she endeavored, however, in vain, to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself. "Madam," said he, "my proverb means, *One fool makes many.*" The princess looked on this as a reflection, on her imprudence in being too familiar with her servants; an error of which she was never afterwards guilty; but she banished the unlucky proverbialist from her presence forever.

SIMPLICITY.

At the marriage of Monsieur d' Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart little girl of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover? "O," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city furnished every thing." This being told to the Count, a worthy husband was sought out for the girl, and her marriage portion was doubled.

PUN FEMININE.

A young Spanish lady was once playing on the piano-forte in the presence of an English gentleman, but did not accompany the instrument with her voice. On being asked to sing, she pleasantly replied: "Yo no puedo *cantar*, pero puedo encantar." "I cannot sing but I can *enchant*." The ladies of Spain are said to be fond of punning.

Miscellanies.

THE BOAT ON THE OCEAN.

In fulfilment of the design expressed last week, we now present our readers with some other extracts from *Haverhill*. That which follows is, with trifling abridgment, the description of occurrencies that took place about the time that Lynn, the hero of the tale and favorite of the family, was intending to leave his home and seek for honor and advancement in a military life. It is in this part of his story that the author shows himself to most advantage. The exhibitions of natural affection in the different members of the household—and especially in the mother's heart, as the time approached for the departure of her son, are very feelingly and forcibly displayed.

She had been almost heart-broken with the thought that her darling Lynn was to leave them the next day, and all the family were in great [illegible] when [illegible] joy burst over them on learning the detention of the vessel in which he was to sail would enable him to protract his stay for a week longer. All were thus in the enjoyment of what seemed perfect happiness, when it was announced that a fisherman who had been expected to lend his aid in the boat the next day, would not be able to go. In consequence of this disappointment, [illegible] addressing Lynn, inquired [illegible] he said to take a trip on this occasion. His answer was, "I will go." "Oh no, don't send him," exclaimed his mother, "he has but eight days more to stay, let him pass them with us." His youngest brother and sisters also begged hard, but Lynn was firm in his purpose.

At an early hour, with a smooth sea, serene heavens, and a balmy atmosphere, he and his brothers pushed their boat from the shore to row to the distant fishing ground.—So unusually fine, for the season, was the weather, that it was a subject of remark; and an old and experienced fisherman who joined the party, spoke of it rather with apprehension than pleasure, as indicating a speedy tempest. But we must hasten to the event.

"As the sun neared the zenith the signs of the approaching hurricane or equinoctial storm became more apparent. That glorious orb seemed a ball of fire, and to wade with difficulty through the surcharged atmosphere. Still it was perfectly calm, and for a while smooth as the surface of a lake from which the winds are fenced by a thick foliage.—Gradually there arose small ripples which swelled into billows, and these broke into sheets of foam, in the absence of any wind, or other apparent cause to vex them. That cause existed amid the other inexplicable mysteries of nature and the material world, though veiled from the eyes of men, with a thousand other things, which, doubtless, it is not good nor profitable for them to know.

Nor were other signs—such as should not have been neglected, wanting of the approach of the tempest. The feathered tribes, whom nature has gifted with a wonderful perception of approaching danger, seemed to be struck with great consternation, and to be preparing for some dreadful convulsion.—That shrewd and cautious old fellow, the sea-gull, who had been to the fresh-water ponds for his breakfast of fish, was now, to the great joy of his bitter enemy and rival, the crow, beheld winging his flight to sea, gaining an offing, as is his wont when instinct informs him of an approaching hurricane. Others of his tribe, a little more tardy in their movements, but with the same purpose in view, were seen performing their spiral evolutions in the mid-heavens,—every thing gave evidence that a tempest would speedily burst upon us. * * *

It was now that old Mr. Gill, never loath to bestow the benefit of his experience upon others, placed a waft at the head of his little mast to warn us in. A few minutes after he had departed for the shore wearing it still, and in addition another half-way up the mast or 'half-mast,' the well known signal of distress, to signify the danger we were in. But we paid no attention to these signals. We had a good boat, and were all of us excellent rowers, and besides, were exceedingly ambitious of the honor of being last to 'strike the sand.' Then the fish had just 'struck in,' or become plentiful, and to return with a loaded boat when others had failed, to be able to say with a shrug to our companions 'I'll *give* you a fish,' would be something to boast of, and pass good-natured jokes about for the next two days. I believe, however, that the greater part of the blame should rest upon myself.

In the mean time the gale kept increasing, but then the fish came 'thicker and faster,' and 'a few minutes more,' we said to each other, 'can neither make nor break.'

We had nearly filled our boat with fine fish, and were at the very instant to set out for the shore, when a vessel appeared in the south-east, close-hauled upon the wind, to use the nautical phrase, with her starboard tacks on board, which means that she was sailing with the wind upon her right hand bow. We could see that she wore at her mizen-peak the customary signal for a pilot. I proposed to my brothers that we should row out to her, and as we were acquainted with all the shoals and ledges for twenty miles east, and as many west of our hamlet, that we should offer to conduct her into either of the adjacent harbors of —— and ——. They [illegible] did to any thing of my proposing. At the moment when the gale had increased so much that it was with great difficulty that we could propel our boat to windward at all, and we could see that our companions were straining every nerve for the land, we set out to speak the unknown vessel more than a league to leeward of us.

We had rowed a mile or two towards her, when all at once we saw her take in the flag, which denoted her wish for a pilot, and shaking the reefs out of her top-sails, and slackening her weather-braces and bowlines, keep away, as if determined not to be spoken.—This was not a pleasant discovery to us, caught more than twelve miles from the shore, night near at hand, and a storm just ready to burst upon us. The intentions of the object which had seduced us into this further peril—may God forgive those who directed her movements! they have lives to answer for—were soon made more fully apparent. While we lay viewing her, the main-top gallant sail and the courses were loosed and set, her yards were [illegible] and, leaving us, was steered away [illegible] our efforts must have seen, to the [illegible] perils and horrors of a stormy night in a boat, the keel of which was only eighteen feet in length.

And now commenced our hardships.—With the greatest exertions we were capable of making, our progress towards the shore was inconsiderable. The wind continued increasing, and with it the number and magnitude of my own special trials. My brothers, who never had much fortitude, were disposed to lie down, and suffer themselves to be swallowed up by the waves without resistance. It required a vigorous exertion of the power I had gained over them to rouse them to the simplest efforts for our preservation.

We continued to force our boat through the billows and foam, until the doing so nearly cost us our lives. A surge broke over us, and filled our boat half full of water. If we had not previously lightened it of more than half the fish we had taken, it must have sunk on the spot. By the providence of God we were enabled to bale out the water before another surge came. Finding we could make no headway towards the shore, and that the attempt to propel the boat thitherward was fraught with great danger, we adopted the only remaining alternative—we kept its head to the wind, and used just the degree of exertion that was requisite to enable us, in the language of the sea, 'to hold our own,'—that is, keep the boat from drifting any farther to leeward. There was no possibility of our reaching the shore till the tempest should be abated of half its violence, and the morning sun and a clearer atmosphere should discover to us the point of coast we had left.

Darkness, pitchy darkness, now set in.—In the sublime language of the beautiful parable, 'the rains beat and the winds blew,' not indeed 'upon a house built upon the sands,' but on a still frailer dwelling, on a far more unstable element.

Never was there a more frightful night than this. Soon after dark it began to thunder and lighten, and it continued to do so for six or seven hours. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind whistled and moaned fearfully in the ears of the four poor boys, cast desolate upon a midnight ocean. It was so dark that, save where the lightnings glared, displaying the white and foaming crests of the billows, you could not see your hand at the distance of a foot from your face. Add to this, that we were compelled to keep baling incessantly, and the reader will have an imperfect idea of the labors and horrors which fell to our share to do and to suffer on that dreadful night.

To add to the terrors of the scene, there came booming to us, about ten o'clock, that terrific note of distress, the report of a signal cannon. It was fired, as I afterwards learned, by the ship which had assisted to lead us into this dangerous situation, then, in the attempt to make a harbor, stranded among breakers which, before the sun of the next morning rose, swept her and her whole crew, with the exception of a single individual, into eternity. It is very mournful any where, and at any time, to listen to sounds which attest the distress and agony of our fellow-creatures—it is so amidst the dying on the field of battle, or the deck of a ship, as I know from experience, for I have seen both; but far more terrific and appalling is the sound of a signal cannon, heard at sea in the pauses of a midnight tempest I cannot tell you what a shuddering it creates in your whole frame as it comes booming through the darkness. I can have no conception of any thing to equal it for solemn and awful majesty. The first clod thrown upon the coffin of an aged man, who has died with the prospect of a happy rising, sends a thrill of awe through the soul; and the notes of a muffled drum mourning for a patriot warrior and the tolling of the distant bell at midnight,—for instance, a convent bell among the mountains of Spain and Italy,—have much sublimity in them; but they are nothing compared to the sound which travels from the 'deep-throated' cannon, to announce the scath and peril of the mariner. I have heard it several times, may I never h[illegible] Being who presides over the elements, and gives to the life of man its metes and bounds, preserved us through this dreadful night. Towards morning the thunder ceased, though it still continued to blow hard, and the rain to pour down in torrents. The wind had veered—northwardly we supposed, for the sea was less agitated than it had been, which we attributed to the wind's blowing more directly off the land. Another supposition, and one having about an equal chance for correctness with the former, was, that we had drifted under the lee of some [illegible] ledges, which broke the force of the wind, and hence operated to produce a comparatively quiet condition of the waves.

When daylight came we could discover nothing of the land we had left, nor were any of the shoals or ledges, which were found in every direction for near thirty miles from the shore, visible to us. Not a vessel or craft of any kind was in sight; we were, apparently, alone by ourselves on the [illegible] and fatigue had so impaired our strength, and hunger had so weakened us for labor, that we could not have rowed the boat against it, even if it had been abated of half its violence. As it was, I saw it was idle to make any exertion except that of keeping the boat free from water, and using our eyes to see if succor should be approaching in the shape of a 'bark of hope.' The day passed away in vain expectations that the wind would shift, so as to enable us, by the use of our sail, to return to the land; or that a vessel would come across us, and take us on board.

The second night we slept by turns, two and two, for the wind gradually went down—in the beautiful and poetical language of the North American Indians, "retired to his resting-place in the caverns, that he might come out refreshed for his race over the green prairies of the earth." In the course of the night the clouds dispersed, and the glittering moon, and stars, the brightest I ever saw, came out from behind them. The sun of the third day rose, bright and glorious, giving pleasure to innumerable myriads of creatures and things, but none to us. Instead of food for hope, or cause for joy, there was a fresh sorrow added to the list of those which were already bowing us to the grave. It was obvious that our brother, John, was fast sinking into the arms of death. He had not been able for some time to endure much hardship, and was thought by many to be going into a decline. Our father thought him unfit to meet the toils of a day of common exertion, and opposed his coming in the morning; how much more was he incapable of encountering those of two days of tempest and exposure such as we had encountered. Still, it was only in his face that we beheld death approaching. He made no complaints, asked no questions, said nothing about home, or friends, or deliverance, or food, or water, subjects which occupied the others continually, but showed a kind of apathetical indifference to his fate. By throwing over him such of our clothing as we could spare, we contrived to keep off some of the wet and cold, and, as far as lodging went, to make him tolerably comfortable. Had we possessed a plentiful supply of food and water, we might, perhaps, have kept him alive for some days longer. But the whole quantity of victuals we had taken with us would scarce have sufficed for the dinner of a man of ordinary appetite; and the stock of rain water we had saved in the boat bucket was speedily very low;—he was dying of hunger and thirst.

About nine o'clock in the evening he called to me low and plaintively, 'Lynn!'

'I am here, my brother, at your side,' I answered.

'Are we at home?' asked he.

'No John,' I answered.

'Hist! yes we are, I am sure. There! I hear our mother's voice,' said he, very faintly.

'Oh, John, that cannot be,' said I; 'why, we are fifty, perhaps a hundred miles from the shore. At any rate we have been among the gulf weed for hours, and that you know is a sure sign that we are very near the Gulf-stream.'

'I can't help that, my brother; I am sure I heard her voice. She was singing that beautiful hymn which she loves so much to hear you sing, and which you sing so well; for your voice, you know, is the only very good one in the family—

'Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, death, where is thy sting!'

'It was mere fancy, John,' said I, nearly choked with tears.

'It was not fancy, Lynn; I heard her as plain as I hear your voice now, my brother. There! there again! Oh, my dear mother! if I could only lay my aching head upon your bosom! And hist! there is father's voice too; he is calling to some people a great distance off, and telling them that he shall be with them by-and-by. I know the meaning of it now, my dear brother; I am going to die, and these sounds are the forerunners of my death. Wake James and Timothy.'

James and Timothy were called, and to them he repeated that he was dying.

'Oh, I hope not,' said Timothy, encouragingly. 'You are very ill, John, and think [illegible] you hear the voices of your friends. Cheer up, John; take heart my brother, and we will have many a merry row together yet.'

'Don't speak that way, Timothy,' said the dying boy, 'don't speak that way. Other thoughts should now occupy my mind, and I think yours,—thoughts of another world, and of the punishment we have deserved for our sins. Lynn, do you think there is hope for me beyond the grave? Answer me, for you are better [illegible] the Bible than I am, and have more learning; is there any *hope* for your poor sinful brother?"

'There is hope, John, for all who repent and sincerely ask forgiveness,' answered I. 'Your offences have been light offences, my brother, and if any one may hope to be pardoned, surely it is you. You must ask God to forgive you, and it is my belief that if you ask in sincerity he will.'

'But do you know, my dear brothers, that we have not prayed since this calamity befel [illegible]

'It is indeed true,' said James; 'what would mother say if she knew we had been three days without prayer? what would our good father say if he knew that we had received such great mercies and forgot to thank the giver of them? We were not taught this neglect in our father's house.'

'It is not too late to pray yet,' said the sufferer. 'And oh! now! quick! pray quick, for I feel that I am going! Pray for my poor soul, and pray for father and mother, and Sally, and all the rest of them?'

We knelt down in the boat around him, and I, at the request of my brothers, and according to the best of my ability, offered up the prayers which were required by his situation and ours. When I had finished, he asked us to sing the beautiful hymn to which he had referred, and which went in our house by the name of 'mother's favorite.'

While we were singing the two first stanzas, we heard occasionally a low moan from him; but during the last he was perfectly silent. When we had finished it, James raised him up and asked him 'how he felt now?'—he spoke to a lifeless corpse.

We did not commit him to the ocean; but with the hope that we might yet be permitted to inter him on the land, perhaps in the old mossy churchyard at ——, we wrapped up his remains in the boat-sail, and laid him down on the bottom of the boat.

Nothing now remained for the survivors but to wait patiently the appointed time for our deliverance or death. In the mean time we grew weaker and weaker every hour. Water failed us, food we had none, and worse than all, there was a peevish and fault-finding spirit growing upon us, as if our present calamities were not enough, and we must increase them, by a sundering of the bonds which had hitherto held us in more than brotherly love and affection. My brothers upbraided me incessantly with having brought them into this dreadful situation. It was my madness, they said, which had led us into the enterprise which must end in the death of all. For a long time I bore their upbraidings with patience, confessed my fault, and begged them not to blame me; but wearied out at length by them, and my resolution to avoid discord overborne by hunger and thirst and excess of suffering, I answered sharply and angrily, and even raised my hands to strike poor James. But when the momentary flash of anger had subsided, and the recollection of our hitherto unvarying tenderness returned to our minds, we all three sat down and wept like children. And it seemed as if the spirit of our departed brother smiled upon us, and that even the winds were balmier, and waves more tranquil, while we embraced, and kissed each other, and took a solemn oath, that come a greater degree of suffering if it might, or look more hideous the aspect of death if it could, we would frown no more on each other.

The fourth day passed, and still no succor. The weather—there is a well-known proverb, 'after a storm comes a calm,'—was remarkably fair and serene; I never saw it finer. The ocean lay slumbering like an unweaned child, the breeze merely raising a slight fret-work on its bosom. To add to my other afflictions, it was apparent the reason of my brother James was leaving him. He insisted that there was bread and meat in the boat, which we had hidden from him, and bade us produce it; and a keg of cool water, which he said we were towing astern, and from which we had repeatedly slaked our own thirst, leaving him to perish of a burning fever in the heart, which we knew water would assuage. We could not reason him out of the strange fancy, for who can speak with effect to the understanding of a madman?—Then he became fearfully angry, and tried to wrest from us the fancied terror. And when he could nowhere find it, 'we had eaten up the victuals, and drank the water,' he said 'and must forthwith disembowel them.' He became at length so dangerous, that to prevent him from doing injury to himself or to us, we were compelled to bind him. But while I dozed in a momentary oblivion of suffering, his fears and entreaties, aided by the usual protestations of perfect sanity, so won upon the affectionate heart of my brother Timothy that he unbound him. [illegible] sound like that of the falling of a heavy body upon the water. It was my maniac brother, who, while his liberator slept, caught in his arms the lifeless body of my brother John, and plunged with it into the ocean. We called, and pleaded with him to return. 'No,' he said, 'he would go on shore, and bury Johnny. He had been dead more than a year, the weather was very warm, he wouldn't keep, and the flies would get in his body. And we would swim on shore, and see how they all did, and kiss mother and Sally, and get some fresh bait, and a supply of water, and biscuit, and come back again. In vain we tried threats, he could not be persuaded to relinquish the corpse, but continued to cling to it with all his power. Our struggle was so impaired that we could not row the boat as fast as he, now gifted with supernatural energies, could swim. He continued shouting, and hurraing with all his strength, admonishing us to keep a good look out, and wait for him where we then were. But his grow weaker and exhausted. We saw him and then in his limbs, till at last he went down without a struggle. He sunk when we were not more than the length of the boat from him, and continued himself, to the final gasp, the custodier of the body of our deceased brother.

There were now only two of us left, and we the weakest and most miserable of all God's creatures. Our feelings now began to rise in rebellion against the Arbiter of our fates, and to complain that he had been partial to our brothers, and spared them the greater calamity. 'I have frequently heard our ministers talk of election and predestination,' said Timothy. 'Do you think, Lynn, that God has said we shall die for food and water? Oh, how beautiful it would be, my brother, to drink out of the old moss-covered bucket. And how sweet would be the crusts which the old dog—.' He could proceed no further, but burst into tears, and mine flowed as freely as his.

With the hope rendered yet more ardent by the conversation I have repeated that I might awake in some world where there would be plenty of food and water, I lay down to sleep in the bottom of the boat, leaving Timothy stretched out upon the 'thwarts,' watching for the hoped for sail. Then, for the first time since leaving home, I was visited by the apparitions of memory. I saw, as plain as I saw them on the day before my departure, my dear father, with his locks just turning to silver, and the sweet face of my kind mother, the former seated with a spy-glass on his wooted observatory, the sand-hill, the latter employed in cooking the evening repast of the family. There was the

[illegible] obtain the host a higher reputation than that [illegible] doubt that the French must bear away the palm on the score of variety if they do not obtain [illegible] which tells [illegible] How rich, within, the soul (*read vile*) of sweetness dwells."

But we have detained the reader too long from the works under review.

old larch, and beneath it, lovely as an angel, and mild as—herself, my beloved and lovely Mary. There was Sally playing with her pet lamb, and Michael flying his kite. Then there came a more general view of the scenes of home. I saw the fishing hamlet, and behind it the lofty forests of oak and pine, my father's cabin, and the long deep valley, just beginning to wear the green livery of spring. And, oh! unutterable bliss! there was the clear, cold brook in the middle of it, gurgling and bubbling, and dancing along through its fringe of alders and grape-vines, noisy as a healthful child of ten, released from a prolonged attendance on the village schoolmaster. Its water was a treat at any time, how much more now when I was dying of thirst. And it was fretting noisily away over its bed of pebbles, as if it too had cause of grief. And Mary! dear Mary! there were the stile, and the bridge, and the ant-hill, and she was again the patient teacher, and I the attentive and happy school-boy.

But the most blissful dream, even the dream of life, the dream of ambition, and that yet dearer dream, the dream of love, must have an end, and so had mine. When I awoke, the sun was just setting, his beams shading the white folds of the western sky with a veil of purple and gold. When I had shaken off the stupor which attends the waking from a sickly sleep, and had recovered the use of my dimmed and dizzied faculties, I found myself alone. It was some minutes before I could convince myself of the fact. I know not—never shall know what became of my brother Timothy. He was of a rugged constitution, and had supported the miseries, and borne up against the horrors of our situation much better than the other brothers, always appearing patient and collected, never giving way to useless regrets, or indulging in gloomy anticipations. The only reasonable guess to be made at his fate, short of accounting for his disappearance upon the doctrine of direct supernatural interference, is, that he became suddenly insane, like James, and, like him, perished by his own deed in the ocean.

I felt my strength decaying so fast that I had little expectation of living through the night. It came a beautiful evening, the stars shone out clear and twinkling, the moon rose bright and round, and there was a gentle breeze to gladden the heart of him who might be traversing that latitude of ocean to the arms of 'wife, children, and friends.' About midnight, as I judged from the height of the moon, I heard a voice, which seemed that of a sailor answering to the call of a superior, and soon after, a sound like the music of a violin stealing across the lonely waste of waters. I even fancied I could distinguish the notes of 'Hearts of Oak," the tune which has preluded so many glorious triumphs of the British marine. At first I thought it all sheer illusion, the mere reelings of a brain about to be forsaken of its reason, seeing strange sights and hearing strange noises, as my brother James had done at the coming on of his insanity. Gradually the music ap[illegible] articulate. I mate, and the commands of the master, 'lower away!' 'A small pull more on the starboard fore-topsail brace!' 'There! that's well! belay that!' and the gruff 'ay, ay, sir!' of the tar. I raised myself with difficulty, for I was every moment growing weaker, and there—close by—within ten rods of me—oh, glorious sight! oh, supreme felicity!—was a tall ship, moving majestically past, her white sails shining in the silver moon-light." [The sufferer was rescued.]

MORALS OF A CHRISTIAN CITY.

Some opponent of mine (as I judge by an endorsement on its title page) has sent me, through the post-office, a copy of the "Annual Report of the New York Magdalen Society," just published. I am indebted to him for the pamphlet; inasmuch as its details, however disgusting, are pregnant with lessons grave and important, and with arguments too seldom brought before the public.

Arthur Tappan is President of the society; his name, and those of other orthodox leaders of high standing appear on its executive committee, who have drawn up the report, and who declare that they particularly desire "not to add one shade to the dark picture of our city's pollution," (page 9,) and "rather to [illegible] ... can judge, appear to have been honestly directed to arrest a crying evil. Nor do I see any probable motive they could have to exaggerate. It redounds, surely, neither to the credit of New York, nor of the Christian Religion, that such a mass of vice and misery should be found within the walls of the American metropolis. For each calculation, too, they adduce plausible, if not satisfactory, data; and they inform us, that their sources of information, from actual census and inspection, are numerous and authentic.

And yet I am not prepared to credit even authority so little suspicious as this. I had no very high opinion of the morals of New York; but that the most mercenary and degrading of vices reigns with sway so unbounded among its thousands, I cannot persuade myself.

In sketching, from the Report, a few of its hideous details, I approach a task like the physician's who prepares his instruments to dissect and lay open some putrescent wound: a task from which nature tempts him to shrink, but which a sense of duty urges him to perform. Even ulcers the most disgusting must be probed, ere they can be healed; and the reformer, as well as the physician, must bend his mind to the painful duty. Let us then enter upon it.

The number of wretched women who make a living in our city, by public and promiscuous prostitution, is (the Report tells us, page 8) "satisfactorily ascertained to be not less than TEN THOUSAND." The number of private prostitutes is estimated (page 9) at about ten thousand also. Probable total of those who subsist by selling their embraces for gold, in this single city, TWENTY THOUSAND.

But strike off one half, and let us, as the Report does in its subsequent calculations, speak only of the known, public prostitutes. It is estimated (page 23) that the sum annually expended for board, lodging, dress, liquors, coach hire, theatre tickets, &c., by these ten thousand prostitutes themselves, exceeds six millions of dollars annually. It is further assumed, (page 23) that "each female of this class is visited by three men or boys daily," (!) making an aggregate of more than ten millions visits a year; and that on an average those so visiting them, expend for liquors, &c. (beside the sum paid to the women themselves as above estimated, fifty cents during each visit; making five millions dollars to be added to the actual wages of prostitution; thus giving us eleven millions of dollars as the aggregate sum expended for this vice annually in the city of New York, without estimating what may be laid by in banks and elsewhere. by the women themselves.

But even this enormous estimate is less sickening to the moral feelings, than the almost incredible assertion adduced (page 23) in support of that estimate, that each of these miserable martyrs to the vices of a polluted age, "frequently, from Saturday night to Monday morning, receives fifteen to twenty five men; obtaining as her reward, from thirty to fifty dollars.

I hesitate even to transcribe so hideous an evidence of the utter abasement and slavish degradation of this unhappy portion of our species; but it seems a necessary (and alas! a far too satisfactory) explanation of the estimate (given page 11) that the life of those who early commence this miserable career, does not, on the average endure more than from *three to five years*, from the date of such commencement.

Let us pause for a moment, and reflect what it is, we have just read. The population of New York, by the census lately completed, is 203,000 persons; say 100,000 males and 100,000 females. The number of adult males between the ages of 15 and 55 who alone can be supposed to be regular frequenters of brothels, must be estimated at less than two thirds of the whole, say 60,000; and the number of marriageble females at about the same. Hence (according to the Report) we have the following startling conclusions.

One out of every three of the marriageble females of New York at this moment receives the wages of prostitution. *One out of every six* is an abandoned, promiscuous prostitute. For them is expended by those who visit them *thirty thousand dollars daily*.

But the condition of morals among the men is even more incredible than this. Ten millions of visits are estimated to be paid to prostitutes yearly, by the sixty thousand male adults, as above estimated. Supposing then, *every one* of these adults, married or single, to be in the regular habit of visiting brothels, each would make yearly upwards of one hundred and sixty such visits; that is, more than three per week. If only one half are supposed thus to degrade themselves, these to make up the estimated total, must be imagined to seek the company of a public prostitute *every night of their lives!* If, as is alone even supposeable, the truth lie between these two, then MORE THAN ONE HALF OUR ADULT MALE POPULATION, MARRIED AND UNMARRIED, MUST BE BELIEVED TO VISIT, MORE THAN THREE TIMES A WEEK, THESE HAUNTS OF VICE, DISEASE, AND BRUTAL SENSUALITY!

I profess myself utterly unable to believe in so vile and overwhelming a degree of mercenary licentiousness! Could I conceive it real, I would instinctively shrink from the company of my fellow-citizens, and seek some other less polluted spot, where I could imagine the majority, at least, of those who surrounded me, less of sordid and sensual animals than they are here pourtrayed. If there be one sullying vice, one defiling abomination, that curses the body with the vilest diseases, and steeps the very soul in the dregs of abject loathsomeness, that vice is before us here. If there be aught that can erase from the human mind every vestige of its better nature; that can murder its self-respect; and teach it to look upon itself, even as it looks upon others, as a thing, miserable, selfish, brutal and desperately wicked;—it is, when that which, unbought, were above the price of rubies, is sold, like the meanest huckster-ware in the common market, to every passing bidder. But what say I? That which *is* above the price of rubies—the free human affections—can become no article of commerce. The most degraded wretch upon earth cannot sell, the richest sensualist cannot purchase, it. Love has no price; and that which is sold *for* love, is a foul counterfeit, far too dearly paid for, even at the basest price that the lowest of the low ever set upon it.

Would we estimate the hydra evils that spring from this poison source? Let us call to mind how much of that tranquil, unobtrusive, enduring happiness that makes the earth worth living on, is found (and found alone) in the endearing ties, in the gentle yet dignified blandishments, of domestic affection; and then let us remember how mercenary indulgence dries up, even at its very source, these springs of genuine enjoyment: exhausting our bodily powers; blunting our moral sense; nay, searing our very perceptions of virtue and loveliness; until every native grace and simple pleasure palls on our diseased nerves, and disgusts our worn out sensibilities.

And this is the slough of listless misery into which, if Arthur Tappan and his associates speak truth, more than one half of our adult population are habitually, are daily, almost hourly, plunging! Shall we suppose the gloomy picture, faithful? What a satire on modern Christianity does it contain! She rules throughout the land; at every street corner are her churches; on every first day of the week has she the ears of our fellow citizens; her precepts are urged by all the authority of wealth, worldly honors and reverence, and her commands enforced, even as direct [illegible] control. "We have given," as JEFFERSON expressed it, "to the hierophants of our particular superstition stated and privileged days to collect and catechise us, opportunities of delivering their oracles to the people in mass, and moulding their minds as wax in the hollow of their hands."

And to what *have* they moulded them, in our city? Let the leader of Presbyterian Christianity himself and his co-members of the Magdalen committee, reply!—*Free Enquirer.*

[From Haverhill.]

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.

He was a friendless boy, and [illegible] to the high dignity of a shopkeeper, solely by prudence, economy and dexterity in traffic, aided perhaps a little by cunning and over-reaching. Born of parents the lowest of the low, vulgar, ignorant, and depraved, he had at a very early age, shaken off the clogs imposed by his parentage and poverty, and stood forth conspicuous for talent which bade fair to give him riches.—In the language of his country, he was known to be a 'right smart lad,' a 'keen chap,' 'real shaver,' all expressions declaring the popular opinion of his thrift and sagacity. His commercial career may be dated from his ninth birth day. The nature, quantity, and value of the transaction which developed his trading tact is characteristic, and deserves to be recorded—His first speculation was in bones—beef bones; the quantity, half a Winchester bushel. A [illegible] maker, travelling through the village in quest of the raw material of his trade, employed the boy, Timothy, to collect it, promising to give him half a crown per Winchester Bushel for all he should collect. The boy instantly set about the task, and unweariedly employed himself until he had, as he supposed, acquired the property in half a crown. But he was doomed to have his hopes prostrated; his employer disappeared, leaving the bones in the hands of their unremunerated collector. It was not in the nature of the prudent boy to throw aught away, and it was quite as foreign to it to give any thing away which might, by any the remotest possibility, become valuable, and he deposited the bones in one of the dark nooks of his father's garret, where they remained undisturbed for many months. It so happened, in some moment of boyish intercourse, that an act of more than usual kindness in an associate, melted his heart, and, to show his sense of the favor, he gave him his bones! Repentance, sincere and fervent soon followed. The occurrence of which I am about to speak was minuted down by him as a warning against the indulgence of grateful feelings in after years, and was the cause, it was said, why it was the last generous action he was ever known to perform. The button maker returned and renewed his offer. His prodigality, and the loss he had sustained by his thoughtless gratitude, cut him to the heart. After deliberating a few minutes he went to the donee and demanded back the bones.—They were returned, and Tim hastened with them to the button maker, and received his half crown.

This was the capital with which my brother-in-law commenced business, and was the occurrence which gave him, in after life, the nickname or the epithet of "Tim Bones." I should mention, that he had another "Sorril," given him by the boys on account of his red hair. It was that by which he was always known, until the affair of the button maker occurred. Indeed, it is to be doubted, whether he knew he had any other; for when he was asked by his catechist what was his name, he answered 'Sorril,' and upon being asked who gave it to him, answered 'the boys of the parish.' At least this was the story, though some said it was altogether an invention of that mad creature, Jack Reeve. It served, however, to fix the nickname upon him, and the object of the perpetrator was answered.

He laid out the two shillings and sixpence received for bones in the 'tongues and sounds' of codfish, collected here and there fresh, and therefore cheap.—These, when cured, he 'swapped' for a hog of rum, which, with the aid of a cool and fine rivulet near at hand, he turned into a fine penny. He went on plodding and speculating, at once the admiration and the laughing stock of the village, one class of inhabitants, the more aged and reflecting, calling him that 'smart lad, Timothy Dexter,' and extolling him to the skies; another, the young and thoughtless, ridiculing him for the qualities which procured him the admiration of their elders, and distinguishing him by the different nicknames of 'Sorril,' 'Swap,' and 'Bones.'

But Timothy throve, notwithstanding the jibes and sneers which were dealt out by his neighbors. A second fortunate speculation, quite as singular and extraordinary as the first, put him in possession of still larger means of indulging his darling passion for traffic.

I have mentioned the old tar, Jack Reeve, and his propensity to fun and extravagance. He became, while indulging it, the unconscious instrument of Timothy's making another fortunate move in the game of life; as he was wont to boast afterwards, 'he helped poor Sorril up a —— many rounds of the ladder.' In a moment of unsuspicious confidence, the latter confided to Jack the important secret that he had made himself master of forty crowns, and asked the opinion of the merry old sailor 'how he should employ it to the best advantage; and in what speculation it was likely to make the largest return.'

Jack answered with his usual good nature, that he'd be ——, now if this wasn't the very thing he wanted. 'I'm your friend, Sor—Tim,' continued he, 'and I'll show it, by the secret I'll let out, and the sheet anchor advice I'll give you, my boy. When I was with old Sir Piercy Brett, in the Cockedoodledoo,—heard of the ship, say?'

'Never,' answered the boy.

'Well, she was the largest ship that ever sailed on the ocean. Once upon a time, when she was tacking in the Channel of England, her bowsprit knocked over a light house on the coast of France, while at the same moment her spanker boom swept off a flock of sheep feeding on Dover Cliffs.'

'Do you know who—bought the wood?' asked the boy.

'Not I, you skinker. There were grog-shops on the yard-arms; and she was so 'tant,' that a lad of fifteen who went aloft to hand the main royal, after using all possible despatch, came down an old man, gray as a rat. Well, I was with old Sir Piercy—it was the same cruise in which he did that wonderful feat which has been so much talked of,—beat up from St. Kitts to Grenada, two hundred leagues, in two *tides*, against trade wind and *current*. True as gospel, or may I never—Well, we put into Montego bay, in a hurricane—weather as hot as ——; and if there was a warming pan to be found in all Jimake, then you are neither 'Bones' nor 'Serril,' 'Swap' nor 'Timothy.' Gad! how cross the Admiral was! He threatened to hang up every planter, shopkeeper, overseer, negro, whether black or white, blue or yellow.'

'Did he?' asked the boy with extreme astonishment.

'Ay, did he; English, Scotch, Irish, Yankee, Mandingo, Koromantyn, Whidah, Fidah, Benin, Congo, 'twas all one. 'Look you; —— me, says he—he'd a mighty bad practice of swearing; but though I and the chaplain tried to mend him, it was all of no nee—'Look you; —— me,' says he, 'when next I come this way, see that every father's son of you be furnished with a good brass warming pan, or it will be worse for you.' Now I'll tell you what I am thinking of.

'What?' demanded the boy eagerly.

'Why, that you shall supply the island of Jimake with warming pans.'

'But don't you think somebody has supplied them before now?'

'I could almost swear, and would if I did'nt hate the practice, that they have'nt. Nobody but a sharp-witted, screw-auger sort of a body like you and me, one who is up to snuff, would ever have thought of the thing.'

'What shall I do?'

'Do! why, buy and ship as many warming-pans as you can pick up, with Capt. Kimball, in the Sally, which goes next week to Montego bay—the very spot. But mum—say nothing; if you blab there'll be an end to the matter. Green and Nine-pence, or Buckles and Bagster, will be snapping it up as one of your West India sharks does a Guinea nigger: keep it to yourself. Good bye.'

And away went Jack to enjoy a laugh at his joke, but without a suspicion that the boy would take the thing seriously. He set about it however, at once; and collected with as much privacy as possible, a large quantity of warming-pans, to send to a climate where the coldest weather was almost equal to a fever heat! Yet this speculation, the most absurd that ever entered the head of a mortal, yielded a thousand per cent profit. The bottoms of the pans were sold at ten times their cost, duty, and charges, for sugar ladles in the boiling houses, and the perforated covers or tops were purchased up at an equal advance for [illegible], the handles were disposed of, but the original cost of the entire article. The neat sum obtained for the adventure was laid out for sugar, and this received at a fortunate moment, and turned by the shrewd boy in the most advantageous manner, yielded also a handsome profit. To sum up in the fewest words possible, the 40 crowns yielded 470.

He presently came to be reckoned one of those, 'whom the devil helps;' in other words, very lucky and fortunate. Greene and Ninepence, seeing that everything prospered under his care, proposed to him to go out in a small sloop of theirs, to Martinique, with a cargo of hogs and deal boards. He was to have a small commission on the sale of the lumber; and as there is usually a gain in the admeasurement, he was to have besides, one half of all he sold more than [illegible]. Sorril made a fine speculation for himself, and [illegible] satisfied the owners.

Soon after his return [illegible] vessel for a coaster. When her sides were partly planked up, his builder went to him, and informed him that he was in want of *wales* (planks for the bends of the ship.) Dexter did not fairly understand what he meant; but he supposed, however, that it was the bones of a whale, and accordingly he bought up all the whalebone there was in the market.—Some extraordinary event, I forget what, a few months after, converted this absurd speculation into one of equal profit with the last.

Standard Novels, No. IV. *Thaddeus of Warsaw.*

When "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "[illegible] Chiefs." works to which Madame de Stael gave the appellation of "epics in prose," appeared, little could it have been foreseen that they would prove, as it is now on all hands admitted they did prove, the prototype of those "Waverly Novels," which have tended, perhaps as greatly as any portion of our literature, to spread far and wide the fame of our national literature. They were both published in England, and translated into various languages abroad, many years before the "literary wonder of Scotland," gave to the world the first of that series which may truly be said to have *fait epoque* in our annals. A new edition, therefore, of the first of these tales of patriotism, will be entitled to eminent rank in the list of English Standard Novels. The talented authoress gives an address "To her Friendly Readers" prefixed to the present edition, which is revised, corrected, and illustrated, with a new introduction, notes, &c. by *herself*. After alluding to this circumstance with natural, and very pardonable exultation, she feelingly describes the fervent sympathy with the calamities of Poland, which induced her to make the adventures of one of its patriot heroes the subject of her pen, and with true womanly fervor, adds, "it was given to the world, or rather to those who might feel with her, with all the simple-hearted enthusiasm which saw no impediment when a tale of virtue, or a tale of pity, was to be told."

From the introductory address before alluded to, and which we have read with all that interest and attention which its unpretending style, and affecting and warm-hearted simplicity entitle it; we extract the following passage, which, more especially at the present juncture,—now that the desperate, but we fervently hope, not hopeless, struggle, between patriotism and autocratic oppression is at its height,—will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers.

"In looking back through the avenue of life to that time, what events have occurred, public and private, to the countries, and to the individuals, named in that tale! to persons of even as lofty names and excellencies, of our own and other lands, who were mutually affected with me, in admiration and regret, for the virtues and the sorrows described!—In sitting down now to my retrospective task, I find myself writing this, my second preface to the story of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," just thirty years from the date of its first publication. Then, I wrote when the struggle for the birth-right independence of Poland was no more; when she lay in her ashes, and her heroes in their wounds; when the pall of death spread over the whole country; and her widows and her orphans travelled afar.

"In the days of my almost childhood,—that is, eight years before I dipped my pen in tears,—I remember seeing many of those hapless refugees wandering about St. James's Park. They had sad companions in the like miseries, though from different enemies, in the emigrants from France;—and memory can never forget the variety of wretched, yet noble-looking, visages I then contemplated, in the daily walks which my mother's own little family-group were accustomed to take there. One person, a gaunt figure, with melancholy and bravery stamped on his emaciated features, is often present to the recollection of us all. He was clad in a threadbare blue uniform great coat, with a black stock, a rusty old hat, pulled rather over his eyes; his hands without gloves; but his aspect was that of a perfect gentleman, and his step that of a military man. We saw him constantly at one hour, in the middle walk of the Mall, and always alone; never looked to the right nor to the left, but straight on; with an unmoving countenance, and a pace which told that his thoughts were those of a homeless and a hopeless man—hopeless, at least, of all life might bring him. On, on, he went to the end of the Mall; turned again, and on again; and so he continued to do always, as long as we remained spectators of his solitary walk; once, indeed, we saw him crossing into St. Martin's Lane. Nobody seemed to know him, for he spoke to none; and no person ever addressed him, though many, like ourselves, looked at him, and stopped in the path to gaze after him. We often longed to be rich, to follow him wherever his wretched abode might have been; and then silently to send comforts to him from hands he knew not of. We used to call him, when speaking of him to ourselves, *Il Penseroso*; and by that name we yet not unfrequently talk of him to each other, and never without recurrence to the very painful, because unavailing, sympathy we then felt for that apparently friendless man. Such sympathy is, indeed, right; for it is one of the secondary means by which Providence conducts the stream of his mercies to them who need the succor of their fellow-creatures; and we cannot doubt that though the agency of such Providence was not to be in our hands, that there were those who had both the will and the power given, and did not, like ourselves, turn and pity that interesting emigrant in vain.

Berlin.

We have seen a letter from this city which describes it as being in a state of tranquillity. The inhabitants, as well as strangers, are in general entirely ignorant of what is passing in the Prussian dominions, and nothing is known of what relates to other countries, but through the English papers. The King of Prussia is beloved by his subjects, and much less dreaded than some other monarchs, not styled despotic. The existing state of quiet was, however, somewhat disturbed by a rumor, which obtained general credit at Berlin, to the effect that the Emperor of Russia was at that time at Potsdam *incog.* A war and its consequences were regarded with apprehension; and the Berlinois being very great domiciliaries, the idea of a great part of the male population being compelled to join the army, was not a little distasteful. Our minister at Berlin, Mr. Chad, who is not popular, considers it a want of respect on the part of any British subject arriving in Berlin, to omit calling on him. He attends the theatre regularly, where he renders himself remarkable by his frequent indulgence in a hearty *John Bullish* laugh. The habit of going to the theatre is *la mode* at Berlin. The fashion is set by the king and court, who every night, without exception, are at one of the houses, *sans ceremonie*. His Majesty has an absolute mania for the ballet—going behind the scenes to the last minute before the curtain draws up. In the present ballet, which he has seen at least twenty times in two months, his entire soul seems absorbed. The attraction consists in four miserable rozinantes of post-horses which are dragged on the scene, themselves dragging a shabby Berlin containing half-a-dozen opera dancers, supposed in the ballet to be so many English young ladies just arrived from a boarding-school. This constant attendance at the theatre, prevents his Majesty from receiving company at home, as he goes to bed regularly at ten, rising between four and five. The theatres (which are all the King's property) are of course overflowed, as the nobility follow the royal example, and the bourgeois, under this very mild despotic government, cannot omit to do the same. The King has a most superb and extensive private library, which is constantly supplied with every new work of merit, on every subject, from all Europe. This *is open to the public* in the most unlimited confidence, so that individuals may go every day, take away what books they please and keep them as long as they think proper. The only security the King has from the public is a small *monthly permit* is taken out at [illegible] a month, when the sanction of a residence in Berlin. This useful and generous establishment, on the part of a despotic monarch, cannot be deemed consistent, however it may be applauded; but it leads one to believe that the mind of the sovereign entertains ideas of greater liberality, than his system of government would indicate.—*Court Journal.*

St. Petersburgh is described as having been unusually dull for this year past; no balls, parties, or other gaieties having occurred to relieve the monotony of existence there. The only society consists of the *reunions* at the British Embassy, where visitors drop in, including occasionally a few Russian ladies, who sit for ten minutes on the edge of a sofa, with a huge *beret* stuck on one side of their heads, gowns like balloons, and a costume altogether presenting a caricature of French fashions, to which they do not fail to add a caricature of French airs and graces, while they simper and stammer, with "Madame l'Ambassadrice," "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," at the end of every half dozen words; and [illegible] "Merci, le thé me fait mal aux nerfs; je n'en prends jamais:" after which they retire *chez elles*, escorted by some favored *attache*. When visited, without a previous notice, at their own houses, these ladies are generally found in dirty caps and gloves, their hair plastered into the Madonna form to save the trouble of curling, and a great shawl to conceal the deficiencies in the rest of their toilette. At 10 o'clock comes [illegible] of cabbage soup, sour milk, and cutlets. In the existing [illegible] without restraint of appetite. [illegible] for an ... burgh is any thing but an agreeable feeling, St. Peters... Englishman—*Ibid.*

Private Theatricals at Bridgewater House. The first of these *soirees* of delightful recreation, the announcement of which had excited so much interest in the fashionable world, took place on Friday evening last, at the above splendid mansion, the residence of Lord Francis Leveson Gower. The anxiety to witness the performance of the tragedy of "Hernani," of which it was understood Miss Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Bradshaw (late Miss Tree) would be the heroines, drew together a numerous assemblage of rank and fashion. On the Monday night following, the entertainments, which had afforded universal satisfaction, were repeated, and amongst the audience we observed, the Earl and Countess and Lady G. Bathurst, Ladies Grey, Mr. and Lady Mary Wood, Mrs. Damer Dawson, Lord Seaforth, Lady Errol, Mrs. Fox Lane, Mr. and Lady G. Ellis, the Archbishop of York, &c.

The characters in the tragedy were cast as follows:

Hernani	Mr. Craven
Don Carlos	Mr. Shelley
Don Ruy	Mr. Aubin
Duke of Gotha	Mr. Baillie
Don Ricardo	Mr. Mitford.
Don Sanchez	Mr. Balfour
A Mountaineer	Mr. Herbert
Conspirator	Mr. Fullerton
Pages	Messrs. Cooper & Liddell
Dona Sol	Miss Kemble
Duenna	Mrs. Bradshaw.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

The arrangements were on the most tasteful and elegant scale, and great ingenuity was displayed in the management of the whole detail. The lighting department, which we found, on inquiry, to have been under the superintendence of Mr. H. Taylor of Bond Street, was judiciously arranged—a consideration, we may remark, *en passant*, of no mean importance in theatrical matters, and in which, from experience, we can assert, *reunions* of this nature, are in general woefully deficient. The admirers of histrionic talent, and of rational and mental recreation, must feel greatly indebted to the noble and highly-gifted proprietor of Bridgewater House, for his patronage of this branch of elegant and classical entertainment.—*Court Journal.*

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 30, 1831.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ASSOCIATION. The meeting of the association was held on Monday forenoon, according to public notice. The anti-masons looked and felt small. The question was raised whether Phelps, the new president, was a member of the Association. He produced a certificate showing that he *was* a member, and some one then enquired whether the document was *genuine*. After some proceedings of little importance, and a few words from old Clough,—who couldn't "*see through*" the motives of some of the gentlemen present,—a motion was sustained to appoint a committee of three to make out a list of actual members of the association, for the purpose of ascertaining the names of such interlopers as are suspected of having stolen in and interfered with the business of the society. N. P. Russell, Esq. Maj. B. Russell, and Marston (the new anti-masonic secretary) were nominated and declared by Phelps to be chosen. The decision of the chair with regard to Marston was doubted, and after an overwhelming vote negativing his appointment, Hon. William Sullivan was named to supply his place. The meeting was then adjourned, and will assemble again on Monday afternoon at Faneuil Hall. Our readers will judge from this plain statement of facts, of the progress which anti-masonry has made in the good city of Boston.

Since writing the above we have read the following article in the Transcript of Friday evening.

The committee of the Bunker-Hill Monument Association, appointed on Monday last to designate persons to check the Voting Lists of members of said Association, at the Election to be held in Faneuil Hall, on Monday next, and for other purposes—report,

That they have appointed the following gentlemen, who have been notified thereof, viz:

For Ward No. 1, Henry D. Gray; 2, Charles Lincoln, jr.; 3, Abraham W. Fuller; 4, James W. Burditt; 5, Nathaniel Hammond; 6, Joseph W. Homer; 7, Nathan Hale; 8, Israel Thorndike, jr.; 9, Thomas J. Shelton; 10, Daniel Messinger; 11, Payson Perrin; 12, Ephraim Marsh. For Charlestown, John Skinner and James K. Frothingham; for Roxbury, Charles Davis; for Dorchester, Amasa Stetson; for Cambridge, E. A. Metcalf.

The Committee recommend that the Gentlemen appointed to check the Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury and Dorchester Lists, be requested to check the lists of all other places.

The Committee also Report, that on the subject of the admission of votes by proxy, they have had a consultation with the Hon. Charles Jackson, and are of opinion, that it will not be expedient to receive proxy votes, until the Association shall authorise the same by a By-Law, which they have authority to pass at any meeting.

The Committee respectfully suggest the expediency of passing the following *By-Laws*, of the Association:—

1. That all the Directors be elected at the annual meeting of the Association, or at an adjournment thereof.

2. That no person be entitled to vote at any meeting for the choice of officers, or for any other purpose, or be eligible to hold any office under the Association, who has not contributed Five Dollars to the funds.

3. That commencing at the present time, the Board of Directors shall consist of thirty persons, to be chosen from the members of the Association; and that those persons who were chosen Directors at the meeting of which this is an adjournment, and who have not declined shall make a part of said number.

4. That no part of the Land belonging to the Association shall be sold, nor any Stones laid on the Monument, nor any contracts made for any operation thereon, unless the Association be first convened by advertisement giving at least twenty days notice thereof, in two or more news papers printed in Boston, and a vote be passed authorising the measure proposed.

5. That no act of the Directors shall be valid unless a majority of the whole Board concur therein.

6. That all By-Laws inconsistent with those above mentioned, be, and the same are hereby annulled.

Per order, N. P. RUSSELL.

July 29.

☞ The members of the Association are notified that their names will be found on the list of the Ward or Town where the original subscription was made. But a great number of persons subscribed in a book where neither ward nor town is mentioned.

The Galleries of Faneuil Hall will be appropriated to spectators.

SPARRING EXHIBITION. There was a large collection at Julien Hall on Thursday evening, of Amateurs and others interested in the science of pugilism, for the purpose of witnessing a sparring match between Hudson and an Irishman, generally known by the appellation of the Son of Erin. Hudson, as our city readers generally know, is an exceedingly clever sparrer; the Irishman is a well-built, powerful fellow and a natural fighter, whose performances, however, have never, in our opinion, made good his pretensions. He had failed to appear at an exhibition advertised by Hudson some two or three weeks ago, and an apology for his absence was offered, which, at the time, was deemed satisfactory. On Thursday evening the bills announced that there would be "*no mistake*," the Son [illegible] having pledged himself to be on hand at the appointed time. These public notices attracted a good deal of attention, and the consequence was, that at half past eight, Julien Hall was very well filled by a collection of individuals anxious to witness what was expected to be a hardly-contested match, in which the two parties were to do their best work.

The time when Hudson and the Son of Erin were to take the floor having gone by, and a pretty loud call for them being made by the audience, Hudson came forward and expressed his mortification and regret, that he should be compelled to apologize a second time for the absence of the Irishman, who had promised faithfully in the course of the day, that *if* there was any disappointment *that* evening it should not be his fault. Hudson went on to state, that he had just returned from a search for the Irishman; *that he had seen him sitting at a window*, and that on going to call him, he was refused admittance, and assured by the people of the house that the individual in question was not there. Hudson concluded by offering to return the money taken at the door. About one half the audience left the room, and the remainder tarried to witness a set-to between Meeks and Gilman. At the end of the third round Meeks declared that a lameness in his left wrist, which had been sprained the week previous, prevented him from hitting out, and he begged to be excused. A few passing bouts between a couple of brawny strangers, in which they displayed great skill in cuffing each other's ears, as well as in back-handed slaps and kicking of shins, occasioned no little mirth, and the evening's entertainments were brought to a close by a set-to between Hudson and an amateur.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE THREE DAYS. On Thursday the 28th we understand that a party of French gentlemen celebrated the Anniversary of the Revolution which expelled Charles X. from his throne, by a dinner at Charier's excellent establishment.—The tri-colored and American flags were waving through the day from the house-top.

ITEMS.

Samuel Goodridge has published a statement in the Daily Advertiser, in reply to that of Capt. Bossiere of the brig Seraphim, touching the affair between this vessel and the brig Cygnet, Capt. Endicott. He was a passenger on board the Cygnet, and introduces testimony from the captain, and the first and second mate, which certainly looks rather equally for Capt. Bossiere's reputation.

It is stated that salt is making the fortunes of some of the American merchants. Capt. Kennedy, of the U. S. Navy, says it is readily purchased by the natives of Africa, from the settlers at Liberia, for *two dollars per quart.*

A child about 3 years old, whose parents are Irish people, named Wright, and reside in Flagg-Alley, was knocked down by the horses of a stage in State street, in passing the Branch Bank, yesterday afternoon, and both wheels on one side passed over its body, before the driver could stop his horses. No bones were broken, but it was the opinion of Dr. Edwin Adams, that the child could not live. The stage was full of passengers, and the anguish of the mother as she bore home the child, was distressing. The child made but little complaint, and did not appear to be seriously hurt.

The alarm of fire on Friday evening was from a South-end Distillery, where some rum was burnt without further damage.

The Salem Light Infantry Company, under the command of Captain George Peabody, propose to take up their line of march for Boston, on Wednesday next, in compliance with invitations which have been politely extended to them by some of the Boston light companies.

One Torrey, a merchant of Naples, Ontario Co. N. Y. killed his son, aged about ten, last week; he first beat him with the handle of a whip, then dashed him against the wall, and beat out his brains. He was intoxicated.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Boston and Worcester Rail Road Corporation, held on Wednesday, Nathan Hale, Esq. was chosen President, and Geo. Morey, Esq. Treasurer and Clerk.

A *paying* patron recently sent the following notice to an editor in New York:—"I will *lend my paper* when I have done reading it (and not before without my consent) and would rather not at any time—and I will lend my umbrella after it has stopped raining."

The Iron Stone Cotton Factory in Uxbridge, Mass. belonging to Mr. Samuel Shove of Providence, was wholly consumed by fire on Tuesday night. Loss about $6000. No insurance.

The Fusileers will give the Salem Light Infantry a dinner on Friday.

In consequence of the arrangements of the steam-boat Boston being incomplete, she will not take her place in the line on Wednesday next—therefore on that day there will be no boat. She leaves New York on Thursday, and Providence on Saturday, when the arrangement will be complete for the month.

The United States Gazette offers on the part of the Pennsylvania Fire Company, a premium of one hundred and fifty dollars for the best plan of an improved fire engine.

J. C. R. PALMER. The following paragraph in relation to this individual, was published in the Salem Mercury of Wednesday. It will be remembered that it was through the agency of Palmer that the murderers of Capt. White was first discovered, and that his evidence was material to their conviction.

John R. Carr Palmer was examined on Monday last, before Mr. Justice Saunders, on the charge of defaming the character of Mrs. Esther Davis, at whose house he formerly boarded. The complaint alleged that Palmer, on the 20th inst. wrote a letter to Mrs. Davis, containing certain insinuations derogatory to her character. The letter was anonymous, but the hand-writing was sworn too by Mrs. Davis. It seems that Palmer had been boarding at Mrs. Davis's house, from October 1830, up to Tuesday last, and is now one hundred and seventy dollars in debt. Mrs. D. had been urgent for the payment of this sum, and on Tuesday pressed the matter so closely as to provoke Palmer to anger, and he procured another boarding place. The next day, Mrs. [illegible], at whose house Palmer is a frequent visitor, had the letter which was the ground of complaint, conveyed to Mrs. Davis. [illegible], testified that they had never known any good of Mrs. Davis, but on the contrary, much harm. Mr. John Grey and Mr. Stevens swore they should believe her oath. And Messrs. Weare, Very, and Hubon, testified that they had known her many years as a neighbor, and knew nothing, and had never heard anything, prejudicial to her character. Palmer was ordered to recognize, with sufficient sureties, in the sum of $600; in default of which he was committed to jail.

We trust that the suspicion which naturally attaches to the movements of an individual like the prisoner, has not been allowed to influence any of the parties to this transaction. We have a letter, in Palmer's writing, purporting to be a correct transcript of the one complained of, but it contains nothing that can possibly be tortured into an insinuation derogatory to the character of Mrs. Davis. Palmer has now in press in this city, a book which he calls 'Explanation,' being passages in his own life from the year 1823 to the present time, which, when we consider the appetite for such publications, is likely to be a saleable and money-making work. The letter to Mrs. Davis, after giving some account of his pecuniary embarrassments, must be paid *first*, and informs her that the profits be appropriated to the [illegible], the further proceeds shall ... Then follows this sentence, which of her demand—the libellous matter. 'I can get him suppose to be lars a week in the upper part of the town for two dollars I dare to say, will vie, in point of respectability, with any in *this* part of the town.' It is possible that the letter in our possession may not be a correct copy of the original; but if it is, we apprehend that the prosecution is liable to the charge of cruelty, and that the bonds required are unreasonably heavy. If the man has any disposition to reform his ways, he is surely entitled to the sympathy instead of the frowns of the public.—*Courier.*

FROM FAYAL.

Capt. Savage of Brig Hashinger from Fayal, informs Messrs. Topliff, that the late Emperor of Brazil, in the British Frigate Volage, touched at Fayal the latter part of May, for refreshments, and proceeded to Brest, in France.

Also that the troops of Dona Maria da Gloria took possession of Fayal on the 24th June, the troops of Don Miguel having previously evacuated the city, and concentrated their forces at St. Michaels.

The inhabitants felt much relieved from the tyranny of Don Miguel, and the troops of Dona Maria were making preparations to invade St. Michaels.—*Transcript.*

A THIEF CONFUSED.—On Tuesday night a bold black fellow went into the store of a respectable undertaker in this city, with an intent to take advantage of the stillness of night to rifle the house. So far from being appalled by the number of coffins which were ranged round, he resolved to make an

of one which stood upright as a place of concealment. The coffin which the fellow fixed upon for this purpose, was made of mahogany, and had a lid fixed on hinges.

A short time before the store was about to be closed for the night, the owner observed some dust on the heads of some of the articles of his trade, and in brushing it off with his handkerchief he heard a slight noise proceed from the interior of one.

Determined to ascertain whether the occupant was a candidate for entombment, or some one of his patrons whom he had before laid in the dust, he raised the lid, and observed with surprise a set of grinning white teeth, and a pair of red glaring eyeballs surrounded by a glistening white circle. The undertaker immediately undertook to settle accounts with the subject, by pommelling him into his narrow prison house, until he became tired of the exercise. The detected black fellow had attempted to frighten the undertaker by showing his teeth and the white of his eye, but in this he found himself mistaken; he missed his design, and found himself in fact, in the "wrong box," and so completely boxed about, that the undertaker deeming the punishment inflicted by him was sufficient for the disappointed thief, let him escape.—*N. Y. Courier.*

On the first night of Cooper's performance on the Cincinnati boards, a circumstance happened which should not be lost to the world. Othello was the play. The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of persons, and among the rest a country lass of sixteen, whom not knowing the real name, we will call Peggy. Peggy had never before seen the inside of a playhouse. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the duke and senate; the audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the stage box, when a gentleman handed her in without withdrawing his eyes from the celebrated performer, and her beau, a country boy, was obliged to remain in the lobby.—Miss Peggy stared about for a moment, as if doubting whether she was in her proper place, till casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would not have induced her to take the *step* she did—but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at their ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal much more sociable—and as fate would have it, just at the moment Othello looking nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed,

"Here comes the lady."

The senators half rose, in expectation of seeing the "gentle Desdemona," and when lo! the maiden from the country stepped from the box plump on the stage and advanced towards the expecting Moor! It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed; the audience clapped and cheered—The Duke and Senators forgot their dignity—the girl was ready to sink with consternation—even Cooper himself could not help joining in the general mirth; the uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who had handed her in the box helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation.

It was agreed by all present that a lady never made her debut on any stage with more eclat than Miss Peggy.—*Providence Patriot.*

From the Baltimore Minerva.

Mons. Editeur.—Sare—I spike de English language sometimes almos, not quite, vere vell, and my friens tell a me zat I soon be so proficient zat I can open an Academie for so pittit enfans—mais, but I often sometimes fall in wis words which I no comprehend—par example. My frien tell me sometime ago about some "net-work" which hees vife construct—eh bein! I go to ma dictionary of Monsieur Walker, and I look for se word—ah-ha! I find him, and he read in sis mannair—

"*Net work*:—worked like a net."

Ma foi!—sis no definition!—I no comprehend what he means; so I borrow se dictionary of Mons. Johnson, and I find se word—He say sis:—

"*Net work*.—Any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

Quel horreur!—I nevere shall put in my mous such difficult words—for I shall dislocate se bone of my teeths. Vere good! I shall look for zese hard words—and by and by I shall soon find out vat for mean se word net-work.

"*Reticulated*,—Made of net-work; formed with interstitial vacuities."

Excellent!—I shall improve vere much!

"*To decussate*; to intersect at acute angles."

Eh bein! I come on superb!

"*Interstice*; Space between one thing and another."

Pretty vell!—we shall see—we shall see—

"*Intersection*,—Point where lines cross each other."

Now I shall get him—I shall combine all se definitions, and see vat he will make.

Net work,—Any thing made of net-work; formed with interstitial vacuities or intersected at acute angles at equal distances, with spaces between one thing and another between the points where lines cross each other!!

You see, sare, vat I have done—shall I evere know vat is net-work?—Vere good! I have come to se conclusion zat net work means——net-work!

MABLEU.

Foreign Intelligence.

TEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship President, Capt. Champlin, the New-York [illegible] have received London papers to the evening of the 18th [illegible] containing Liverpool and Paris dates to the 17th inclusive. Portsmouth paper of the 20th is also received.

Among the passengers in the President, is the Hon. Louis McLane, late American Minister to England, recalled to take a place in the new Cabinet of General Jackson. On the 15th, after a royal levee, he was introduced to the Queen by the master of ceremonies, and took leave of her majesty preparatory to his departure.

Accounts from various parts of England and Scotland represent the prospects of the grain crops to be quite as favourable on an average as in former years.

There had been some disturbances in *Paris*, to quell which military force was required. At the last accounts from that capital, tranquillity had been restored. The funds had experienced a fall of 8 per cent. but this fall had not affected the London Stock Exchange.

The opening of the French Chamber has been put off till the 1st of October.

The new Parliament assembled on T[illegible]day the 14th of June, on which occasion the Lord Chancellor addressed the Commons, and informed [illegible] 21st) in a speech from the Throne, [illegible] explain the purpose for which he had [illegible]. The Commons then proceeded to the election of a Speaker, when the R. H. Charles Manners Sutton was declared re-elected without opposition. This gentleman has held the same situation for fourteen years, and has now been unanimously re-elected. The custom is that the Speaker should have a new service of plate with each new Parliament, so that the present speaker will have six official services.

The French were making captures of Portuguese vessels. The corvette Urania was taken on the 2d ult. off Terceira, by the Melpomene frigate and sent to France. A Portuguese schooner of war and a Yacht belonging to the Governor of Lisbon had also been captured by the French squadron off the Tagus. Twenty merchantmen had also been taken off Lisbon and Oporto. Don Miguel continued up to the last accounts, to avoid all reconciliation with the French, and was actually fitting out a squadron of nine vessels to attack their blockading squadron!

The Belgian negociators, with the ten Deputies, dined with Prince Leopold in London on the 16th ult. at which entertainment Lord Ponsonby was present.—It was understood that some definite arrangement of the Belgian question would be made before the party broke up. In relation to this subject the Courier of the 13th observes:—"We are happy to state that some of the difficulties which stood in the way of the acceptance of the Crown of Belgium by Prince Leopold have been removed, and that strong hope is entertained of a satisfactory settlement of the Belgian question."

Under date of London, June 18, 12 o'clock, it is stated—"There is a report that Commissioners have been appointed by the Five Powers, for the purpose of making fresh proposals on the Belgian question, relative to the settlement of the boundaries of that kingdom; and that they are to leave London shortly for that purpose."

Private letters say that the force of the Russians employed in the battle of Ostrolenka was 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of cannon. The Polish army did not exceed 28,000. An immense number of Jews were compelled by the Russians to work in the trenches, and a great number of them were killed.

There was great distress in Ireland, and subscriptions were being raised in different parts of England and among the English in France, for the relief of the peasantry.

The legal proceedings against O'Connell had been put a stop to, the Attorney General having signified his intention of not proceeding any farther in the case.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

An article which appeared in the St. Petersburgh Gazette has not only inflamed the patriotic indignation of the French people, but has called forth the remonstrances of the French Cabinet. The Paris Moniteur says:—"An article was published by the St. Petersburgh Journal of May 28, which is of such a nature as to render prompt, frank, and complete explanations necessary.—*They have been demanded.*" The London Herald of the 13th thus notices this affair:—

The Moniteur has told us that the French Ministry has demanded an explanation of the language; and we have no doubt either of the fact itself, or the propriety of the demand. It is well known that the Emperor of Russia was the last to acknowledge the new state of things in France; that he refused a formal recognition of Louis Philip till the middle of December; that he was preparing, during the months of October and November, an expedition to the Rhine; and that the whole force of his empire was to be put in motion to combat revolution in the south, when the Polish insurrection crossed his path and gave him work enough to do nearer home. The recognition of the new French dynasty was then extorted from the fears, rather than made by the will of the Czar. Of this circumstance the French Government was fully apprised by official documents found among the papers of the Grand Duke Constantine at Warsaw, and it pardoned the past intentions of the Russians, relying on their professions of future friendship. The present manifesto of the Petersburgh Gazette seems to be a renewal of the same menace which the Polish insurrection had destroyed.

It is no answer to this foolish declaration that it does not bear the signature of a Minister, and that it appears only as an article in a Journal.

THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

The Prussian State Gazette says, the Sanatory Commission at Berlin has deemed it necessary to submit to a quarantine of twenty days all travellers and merchandise coming from the Polish frontiers, even though they should be furnished with certificates of health. Twenty physicians had just been charged to proceed to the quarantine establishments of the Prussian Provinces, and of the Duchy of Posen. Another commission of maritime police is established in the port of Pillau, and subjects all vessels to the most rigid quarantine.

The London Globe says—we regret to hear that, by the last accounts received, more than 40 vessels had passed the Sound with the green flag, which means an unsound bill of health.

The Medical Commission appointed by the French government to study the cholera morbus, left Paris on the 13th for Warsaw.

From the London Medical Gazette, for June 18.

CHOLERA REPORT OF THE PHYSICIANS.—This subject divides attention with the reform bill. No medical man can enter a house without being questioned about it; and the papers, both at home and abroad, teem with the most alarming accounts. In short, there is a complete panic; and as mankind are ever prone to magnify horrors, so we trust that the extent to which the disease has prevailed, as well as its rate of mortality, will be found to have been exaggerated.

We are far from denying that the evil is of a nature to demand the most serious attention; and this, we are glad to find, it has met with. All the documents received from abroad by our Government, were transmitted last week to the College of Physicians, by whom a committee was appointed, who sat during several successive days, including Sunday, and bestowed upon the investigation all the care and anxiety which it merited.

The points on which their opinion was more particularly required, related to the mode in which the disease is propagated, and the consequent necessity or otherwise of quarantine. The conclusion at which they have arrived is, that the disease is infectious in so far as it regards its passing from one person to another; and they do not look upon it as proved that it may not also be transmitted by goods. Under these circumstances, they have judged it most prudent to advocate the propriety of strict quarantine being enforced, both on persons and merchandise.

The public may rest assured that all the prudential measures which the necessities of the case require, are in operation; and we would earnestly caution them against being unnecessarily alarmed by the exaggerated accounts which are always given under such circumstances as the present, as well as against being led to place any reliance whatever on the numerous methods of treatment recommended through the medium of the press, by well-meaning but weak and credulous persons.

Berlin, June 10.—We learn from Danzic, which has 60-000 inhabitants, that up to the 5th, at noon, there had been only 60 cases of cholera; 30 of the patients had died; and nearly half of the other 30 were likely to recover.

Riga, June 3.—Since yesterday the state of health in this city is decidedly improving. The disease has lost much of its intensity, and very few persons have died last night. However, our official report only goes to yesterday morning, when the total number attacked by the cholera from the commencement was 707; of which 75 have been cured, 417 are dead, and 215 remain sick.

THE POLES AND RUSSIANS.

The Lieutenant General in Chief of the Polish army has addressed an affecting proclamation to the Lithuanians. The Poles express themselves in this document determined to persevere to the last in the contest in which they are engaged.

The Polish State Gazette gives, under the head of the 3d, the following particulars:—Yesterday the Cracovites of the corps of [illegible] lamb, a squadron of dragoons, and two squadrons of Cossacks, on which occasion they took 46 prisoners, with [illegible] and baggage. A report is spread here to-day, that Col. Sie[illegible] the Government of Augustowo, has dispersed the corps of General [illegible], said to be 2,000 strong, and taken four cannon. But we have no official account of this affair. Accounts from Zamosc of the 29th of May, say that Gen. Rudiger, who has entered the kingdom with his own corps and that of Gen. Kreutz, has in all about 9,000 men and 30 cannon, and that his head quarters are at Werbowice. The battle between the Russians and the insurgents at Numar was very sanguinary. The commander in chief of the insurgents was the Senor Count Wastow Rzewiecki. The combat was very obstinate; about 1200 Russians fell. On our side we particularly regret Alexander Sobanski, who was either killed or taken prisoner. The landowners of that country have emancipated their peasants, and made them favorable to the cause of the insurrection. The inhabitants of [illegible] Ukraine have sent Deputies [illegible] in Dub[illegible]. According to [illegible] and also to the [illegible] accounts, the Russians were drawing together reinforcements from different quarters, and corps have been sent from Zytamir and Berdyczow; so that the insurgents have a regular army of 15,000 men opposed to them.

The State Gazette of the 4th, says:—"The Russian army has begun to pass over to the right bank of the Narew. On the 3d inst. a corps of nearly 14,000 men was encamped in Praswyez."

The Polish Gazette says "We have just received intelligence that Col. Sierakowski, supported by the insurgents, has had, with a very superior force of the enemy, near Mariampol, as bloody a battle as that at Ostrolenka, only it was more favorable to us. Our troops are said to have twice made themselves masters of the town, and to have been twice driven out, till, on the third attack, they maintained their ground and entirely dispersed the enemy's corps."

WARSAW, June 6.—The last letter I wrote to you was under date the 31st ult. which informed you that the Polish head quarters were at Praga, where they still remain, and nothing has taken place with the main army since then, but however, the Poles still sing their national song—"*Jeszcze Polska nie Zginela*"—(Poland will not be lost so long as we live) for the news from Lithuania and the Ukraine are good. Gen. Chlapowski has gained a victory over the Russians, near Narewka. The following is the translation of the official report of General Skrzynecki to the National Government:—

"I have the honor to send to the National Government the news just received of the army under the command of General Chlapowski; that General having joined some thousand of the Bialystock insurgents, gained a glorious victory over the enemy near Narewka, on the 26th May; it was at the same time when the battle of Ostrolenka took place. The enemy's column, consisting of two regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, five cannons, besides Cossacks, were sent from Brzesc-Litewski with the intention of falling upon the insurgents, and were led on by Rosgardt. General Chlapowski got the start of him, and attacked him in the night, and with such success that the Russian corps was surrounded. The Russians lost the five cannons and all the arms, and about 300 men were killed; we lost an officer of the regular troops, four chasseurs of the insurgents, and one horse. The remainder of the enemy's troops were completely defeated and made prisoners. General Chlapowski took the officers with him on his march, but ordered the soldiers (prisoners) to be sent to Bielsk by the inhabitants, after their having taken an oath not to serve again against the Poles. Four degenerated inhabitants of that country who conducted the enemy towards us, received their deserved punishment—death. The appearance of General Chlapowski heightened the spirits of the insurgents in that part; the whole population are taking up arms. Besides the successful battle of Narewka, the insurgents had fallen several times upon the Russian transports, and at Bialostockiey Pussczy 120 wagons fell into the hands of the insurgents.

(Signed) "SKRZYNECKI.

"PRAGA, June 2, 1831."

Berlin, June 8.—The loss of both armies at the battle of Ostrolenka had not ceased to be a subject of much discussion, and had given rise to many contradictory statements. According to the most respectable authority, the loss of the Poles on that memorable day does not exceed 4000 men, while that of the Russians was unquestionably much greater; indeed, in several of the Polish papers, it had been carried to 15,000. This version may appear exaggerated, but upon considering the exhausted state of the Russian army previous to the battle, and the valiant defence of the Poles, it can surprise no one that the loss of the former should be very considerable. In order to make his projected attack, Diebitsch had made a forced march of 9 German miles in 24 hours, and upon coming up with the Polish troops he commenced immediately the engagement, which lasted 16 hours without intermission.—The Field Marshal lost during the battle an immense number of his soldiers, who were either killed by the fire of the Poles, or drowned in an attempt to swim across the river. Thus situated, at the head of an exhausted army, without either ammunition or provisions, and expecting every moment to be attacked on the other side by Gen. Gielgud, who had crossed the Narew, and might sally out upon him from Lomza, Gen. Diebitsch was compelled to retreat from Ostrolenka. This retrograde movement was begun on the 28th, the bridge near Ostrolenka was immediately burnt, and the whole town was shortly after reduced to a heap of ashes. On the 29th not a single Russian was to be seen on the right bank of the Narew. The Russians suffered also much from their own artillery, which kept firing on Ostrolenka long after they had taken possession of that town.

London, June 15.—The circular of the National Government about the battle of Ostrolenka does not disguise the extent of the Polish loss, but gives a lower estimate of it than the accounts which we had previously received. It states that the retreat which followed the battle entered into the original plan of the Generalissimo in making the advanced movement,—that it was effected in the best order, and that the enemy obtained no real advantage by his continued occupation of the field which the Poles had abandoned.—The loss of the Polish army did not exceed 2 000; and it occupies its old quarters at Praga, not because it is disabled from action, but because it has need of repose, and because the principal theatre of war is not now on the banks of the Vistula, but on the plains of Lithuania. The extension of the war into that and the other Russo-Polish provinces is equivalent to a victory.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp, June 14.—The firing of musketry, which took place at intervals all day yesterday, was renewed this morning at half past 1 o'clock very smartly all along the quay of this town, and was kept up with great spirit on both sides by the belligerents, principally returned from the tete de Flandres and the Dutch gun-boats.—Three 12 pounders were also fired from the latter upon a Belgic galliot whilst trying to force a passage. The firing ceased about 11 o'clock, A. M., upon some arrangements entered into between Gen. De Failly and the Minister of War, who arrived this morning in haste from Brussels, and General Chasse; the particulars are not known, but every thing is now perfectly tranquil, and complete order is restored. There appear to be no lives lost, and few only slightly wounded. Small craft under Belgic colors passed up and down the river perfectly unmolested.

Brussels, June 15.—Information will have by this time, no doubt, reached you, that hostilities have commenced between the Dutch and Belgians at Dillo. Having been accustomed to skirmishes of this kind between the outposts, the Government attach no importance to it, but I am sorry to inform you that the state of Antwerp has now become seriously grave. It appears that the King of Holland, anxious to create a dissension in Belgium even at the risk of hostilities, is using his influence and, money, and, through his emissaries, agitating the question of the union of Belgium to France, hoping thus to create a general war.

LONDON, JUNE, 17.—*City, 12 o'clock.*—The letters from Paris received this morning have caused a good deal of uneasiness here in consequence of the accounts which they give of the unsettled state of that place, and also the demand of that Government for an immediate explanation from the Russian Government relative to an article, which had appeared in the St. Petersburgh paper, and which seems to confirm the report which was current here some days since, of a disagreement between those two Powers. The Funds had experienced a further decline, the Three per Cents having closed on Wednesday at 59f 30c.

Toulon, June 7.—Yesterday evening a sanguinary dispute occurred in the Rue de la Comedie, between some soldiers of the 17th Regiment of the Line and the Marines. Four men are said to have been killed, and many dangerously wounded. Prompt measures were taken to stop the effusion of blood. All the avenues leading to the scene of the battle were blocked up by troops, whilst patroles were sent to arrest the military and Marines, who concealed themselves in the neighboring houses.

London, June 17.—A letter from Paris states that within the memory of man, there had not been so many persons ill in that city as at the present moment; but we are happy to learn the attack is slight in its nature, and lasts but for a few days. It comes on by pains in the head and throat, which gradually extend to the chest, and then to all the limbs. The patient also suffers from a cough, accompanied by profuse expectoration. The disease is supposed to have been produced by the prevalence of cold winds, while the temperature was, invariably, so high as between 70 to 80 degrees of Fahrenheit.

LONDON MARKET, June 17.

Cotton.—This article at the moment, is rather dull of sale; but holders are firm, and consequently no decline in price is anticipated. The transactions have have not been important since our last report.

A sale of Rice is now on at the India House, which is [illegible] The superior [illegible] remain steady. Teas.—The India House sale closed yesterday, and as a general observation, it may be stated that Teas have gone lower this sale than the last.

There is no feature to notice in Tobacco, Saltpetre, or any other article of merchandise. The present situation of public affairs, and the uncertainty that exists with regard to continental articles, render business generally dull.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

June 14.—Sales to day about 1300 bags with a heavy market. 15th—sales 2500, without any change on last week's currency. 16th—sales 2000, without any change in prices.

☞ We have made the above extracts chiefly from the Journal of Commerce and the New-Y[illegible] Gazette.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Rev. Otis A. Skinner, pastor of the Universalist Society in Baltimore, to Angelina Malvina Streeter, eldest daughter of the Rev Sebastian Streeter.—Joseph Worcester to Nancy P. Copeland.—Nathan Burditt to Hannah Kidder.

Mr. Augustus Moore to Sarah Cross, both of this city.

In South Boston, Daniel A. Holt to Eliza Ann Cousins.

In East Cambridge, Geo. Henderson, of Portsmouth, N. H. to Ann Tapling, of Boston.

In Dedham, Francis Hilliard, of Lowell, to Catharine Dexter, daughter of Samuel Haven, of Dedham.

In Salem, David Wallis, of Beverly, to Lydia Marshall.—Hiram Sanburn to Mary Ann Rowell.

In Andover, by Rev S. C. Jackson, Obadiah Richardson, of New York, to Hannah Lovejoy, of A.—By Rev. Mr. Badger, Samuel Gray to Martha L. daughter of Capt. Stephen Abbot.

In Hudson, Alexander C. Mitchell, of Nantucket, to Cornelia Macy, daughter of Seth G. Macy, of H.

In Baltimore, by the Rev Mr Palfrey of Washington, the Rev. George Washington Burnap, pastor of the First Independent Church of Baltimore, to Nancy, daughter of Amos A. Williams, of that city.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Frederic Beck, aged 32—Robert P. Waite, 23—Hannah Gray, 51—Daniel Jones, 56—Margaret Jane, youngest child of John P. Cook, aged 2 years.

In Charlestown, Sarah Ann Vouda, aged 21, formerly of York, Me.—Joshua Hooper, 38.

In Cambridgeport, Elizabeth Cade, 32.

In Cambridge, Benjamin Pierce, Librarian of Harvard University, 53.

In Beverly, Remember Chapman, 77.

In Sudbury, 23d inst. William R. Wheeler, 27, son of Israel W.

In Hartford, James H. Carter, late of Boston, 21.

In Westboro', Peter W. Brigham, 51, formerly of Boston.

In Newburyport, widow Anna Baldwin, 77.

In Newbury, widow Rebecca Stickney, 30.

In Portsmouth, Mark Ackerman, Jr. 28.

In New Bedford, Eliza Ann, aged 13, daughter of Capt. Alfred Keedrick.

In East Medway, Benjamin Parnell, 86—being the last of the revolutionary patriots in the town.

In Newburg, 19th inst. William Belknap, a revolutionary officer, in the 81st year of his age. He was born in Charlestown, near Boston, the 21st Feb. 1751. At the age of 16, he went to Newburg, and has resided there ever since.

In Philadelphia, Hezekiah Welch, aged 40, formerly of Boston.

SECOND EDITION

THE COMMENTATOR

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1831.

JEWELS OF THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE. It is two years or more since jewels belonging to the Princess of Orange, supposed to be worth nearly half a million of dollars, were abstracted from that lady in Holland. A reward of twenty-five thousand guilders was offered for their recovery, of which notice was published in all parts of the world. Yesterday, as we have just learned, this property, or a large part of it, was seized by our custom-house officers, being in the possession of a passenger recently arrived. The police were at the same time on the alert; but the individual eluded them. The Dutch Consul claims the jewels, which are deposited in the Mechanics' Bank for safe keeping.—*Commercial Adv.*

The following paragraph is copied from the Georgetown (S. C.) Intelligencer. We presume such a statement would not have been made without entire confidence in its correctness:

"Some time since, we are informed, a legal gentleman of Charleston imported some goods, and gave the usual bonds for the duties, which have lately become due. On their payment being refused, as we understand, for the purpose of bringing the question of Constitutionality before a Jury of the country, they were placed by the Collector in the hands of Mr. Frost, the District Attorney, who *has declined to bring suit upon them*, believing the Tariff Law to be unconstitutional. We perceive that in the brilliant illumination of the State Rights Pallillion a few evenings since in Charleston, the name of "Edward Frost" had a conspicuous place, with the addition of "the Carolina Habersham."

Appointment by the President.—Robert B. Gilchrist, of Charleston, to be Attorney of the United States for the District of South Carolina, in the place of Edward Frost, resigned.

On the 15th ult. at the Convocation at Oxford, England, Washington Irving, Esq. Charge des Affaires from the United States of America, received the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law.

More Rumors.—We mentioned a few days since, the circulation of a rumor, that an exposition was about to be made. It came with a vengeance, and with an overwhelming effect. We are now informed that the address of Mr. Berrien, and the accompanying correspondence, are but "cakes and custards," as Sancho was wont to say, to what is about to appear. "Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."—*U. S. Gaz.*

Fires.—The Cotton Factory in Lisbon, (known by the name of Gray's Factory,) was entirely consumed by fire on Saturday morning last. The fire originated from the picker, caused by the friction of the gudgeon. The amount of property destroyed, as we learn, is estimated at $30,000.—*Brooklyn (Conn.) Advertiser.*

Hydrophobia. A letter before us, dated Petersburgh. (Va) the 23d inst. says, "a child of Mr Branch, aged four years, who was bitten by a mad dog several weeks ago, and was supposed out of danger, died yesterday in convulsions, and exhibiting unequivocal evidences of hydrophobia."

Capt. Meacam, at New Bedford from Gottenburgh, June 5, states that he was informed by the [illegible] the steamboat from Copenhagen, that [illegible] vessels [illegible] with the plague [illegible] they threw the dead bodies overboard, no boats being allowed to go along side or the shipping.

The Baltimore Patriot states that Col. Gadsden, of Florida, is appointed a successor to the celebrated French General Bernard in the Engineer Department.

Quebec, July 21.—THUNDER STORM.—We experienced yesterday, after a fine morning, one of the most severe thunder storms we recollect. The air was surcharged with electrical matter, and the thunder-clouds covered a space of several leagues in width. The rain was incessant from five o'clock to near eight, and during that time, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled without [illegible] of interruption.

About 6 o'clock, an appalling clap was heard over the town; the lightning had struck the English Cathedral in different parts of the building; it apparently has only removed some wood and stones, and broken a number of panes of glass. The lightning also struck a handguard belonging to Mr. Delaurier St. Goch's Suburbs, and did considerable damage to the building.

This morning we learn tha- the barn of Louis Grenier, a little beyond the church had been consumed.

A young girl of the name of Angelique Maheu, aged seventeen, was killed in the house adjoining this barn, while looking if the kettle was boiling at the fire. Another woman was struck senceless, but will recover.

The barn and stables of Captain Routier, of St. Foi, were also totally consumed during the storm. The thunder also fell at Carouge, but did no material damage.

A son of Mr. Prior, merchant tailor, about nine years of age, returning from school, was struck when passing the English Church, during the time the lightning fell upon the building, and was taken up by a servant of Mr. Anderson, senseless. The poor little fellow was, however, recovered, though a good deal burned. Pretty severe electric shocks were also felt by persons in different houses in the vicinity of the Church.

This is the third severe thunder storm experienced this season. In the parish of St. Anne, during that which occurred about two weeks ago, several valuable buildings were burned, and there is little doubt from the great extent of the present storm, that we shall hear of further damage done by it. It has in many places much laid the grain and hay.—*O. Q. G.*

The effects of the lightning on the English Cathedral appear to have been more extensive than is stated in the above account. The progress of the fluid may be traced in several parts of the inside of the building; a stove pipe in the vestry room was knocked down, and a small hole was observed, by which it is supposed the fluid passed into the cellar. At the opposite end of the Church the inner front door was split as if struck with an axe, the damage is not however of a serious nature.

We witnessed the storm from the neighborhood of the Moulin aux Dames near Lorette, and at the time supposed its greatest rage was expended to that quarter; from six to eight o'clock the flashes of lightning and the rolling of the thunder were incessant; the fluid struck in a field near the mill, but happily no mischief was done immediately in that neighborhood, as far as we have been informed.

The common council in company with Col. Clinton, yesterday went down the river in the steamboat John Jay, to survey the river. A number of sloop captains were on board, whose opinions were compared with the notes of Col. C. had made in the survey. It cannot yet be known how their views concurred throughout. But there is no doubt that an improvement in the navigation can be made without great difficulty.—*Alb. Dai. Adv.*

Re-opening of the Mansion House. Yesterday we had the pleasure of witnessing the re-opening of the Mansion House by J. P. Bradstreet, formerly of the Exchange in Boston, and at present proprietor of the British and American Hotel in Montreal, and of the Mansion House in this city. The table was spread with great taste and uncommon richness; and if this finely furnished house, (which is also the most extensive in Albany,) will, with the long experience of Mr. Bradstreet and his acknowledged ability, ensure success to it, it is only what its friends know and expect it will deserve.—*Alb. Daily.*

PRAISEWORTHY COURTESY! A circumstance occurred yesterday which redounds very little to the credit of the commander of the steam boat Fanny, or any one connected with her. A large party accompanied the Connecticut on her excursion among the islands. As is usual, Capt. Porter proposed to touch at Nahant, but in order not to interfere with the Fanny, or her interests, by drawing off her passengers, Capt. Porter, instead of proceeding immediately to Nahant, as he might have done, took a circuitous course, and arrived off the pier at 6 o'clock, the hour appointed by the proprietors of the Fanny, as the starting time of that boat from Nahant. It was presumed by all on board, that the Fanny would soon shove off, as her decks were crowded with passengers, the first bell had been some time rung, and every thing looked as if she was ready for a start. After waiting ten or twelve minutes, her second bell rung, when a new crowd of passengers were seen coming from the Hotels and elsewhere. It was then thought there could not be cause for much more delay, and the passengers in the Connecticut became impatient to land.

Their surprise was not a little excited after another interval, by hearing a *third* bell ring, and by remarking that the Band attached to the Fanny were not yet on board, but continued playing under the Piazza of the Nahant House. It now became glaringly obvious to every one on board the Connecticut, that the delay was premeditated and intentional. The tide was fast ebbing, and in less than half an hour, there would not be water enough at the pier to enable the boat to haul in without risk of grounding. Under these circumstances, the passengers voted unanimously to request Capt. Porter to return to the city.

To this proposition he readily consented, and two hundred persons whose patronage is worth having, and whose good will should not have thus been forfeited, returned to their homes, deeply impressed with a sense of their obligations to the master of the Fanny, the "master of ceremonies," and others interested, who had displayed a noble spirit of accommodation, and extended to them unexpected courtesies.—We ought, perhaps, to have remarked before, as an act of justice to the proprietors of the Fanny, that she remained at the pier, *unnecessarily, only* twenty-seven minutes. The Fanny is a pretty boat, and swift, but there are some things which favorably affect the character of a boat, besides speed and beauty of model.—*Transcript.*

Complaint is made, and with much cause that the lives of persons working on the streets which the city is now laying out, on the "Back Bay," are jeopardized by men and boys, calling themselves sportsmen, who infest the low grounds for the purpose of shooting peeps and yellow-legs, to the no small annoyance of the "mud-larks." If they would shoot the blacklegs, no one would find fault, but it is really too bad, that honest men cannot work on the public lands without having showers of shot rattling about their ears,—not to mention a bullet or two, that sometimes whizzes by them, from the *unerring* rifle of a target marksman.

The City Marshal has placed notices in conspicuous places, which he that "shoots" may read, forbidding such proceedings; but it has no effect, and we know of no cure, unless it be the terror of example, induced by a few Police Court prosecutions.—*Ib.*

The CITY GUARDS have volunteered to do Guard Duty during the visit of the Salem Light Infantry.—The Independent Company of Fusiliers, we were informed this morning, are preparing to give them a dinner.

SHIP NEWS

PORT OF BOSTON, SATURDAY, July 30.

ARRIVED.

Schrs Ann-Eliza-L, Doiles, Morris River; Elizabeth, Tolpey, Kingston, N. Y.; Rambler, Tuckerman, Portsmouth.

Schrs Turk, Hardy, NYork; [illegible]

Schr. Juno, Kenrick, Porto Cabello.

Schr. Success, Fish, St. Johns, P. R.

Schr. Gentile, Howes, N. Y.

Schr. George, Luce, Albany.

Schr. Sidney, Soule, Augusta.

Sloop Jackson, Lovett, Salem.

CLEARED.

Barque Cerus, Nash, Turk's Island.

Brig Criterion, Doane, Labrador and Europe.

Brigs, Thora, Luce, Philadelphia; Chatham, Taylor, Balt.

Schrs. Samuel, Baker, Prov; Julia-Ann, Mann, Bluehill; Tremont, Crowell, N. Y.; Henry, Lewis, N. Y.; Verper, Wakeman, N. Y.

Schs Saco, Baxter, St. Jago de Cuba; Peruvian, Pratt, St. Domingo; Rolla, Bartlett, Newburyport; Dover-packet, Pierce, Dover; Maine, Johnson, Portland; Herald, Lewis, Hallowell; Pioneer, Pine, Eastport.

Sloops Velocity, Lewis, Halifax; Paragon, Long, New York; Trader, Bumpus, Wareham; Nantucket, [illegible] Nantucket; [illegible] Robbins, Plymouth; [illegible]

MEMORANDA.

The Spanish ketch Ysabela, ashore at Cohasset, has gone to pieces. The principal part of her cargo had been saved and brought up to the city.

Came up fm Quarantine, brigs Cordelia, from Trinidad; Scion, Havana; Agile, Matanzas; Gipsey, Surinam; sch Elvina, Ponce, PR.

By the Evening Mail.

NEW YORK, July 29. Ar. Brig Hasp, Mott, 33 days from Gottenburg. Sailed in co. with Swedish brig Maria Sophia, for New York. Spoke June 7, off the Straits of Dover, ship Coriolanus, from Matanzas for Hamburg. 10th, in the English Channel, brig Welga, from Hamburg, Havana. 20th, lat. 43, long 38, ship Rosseau, 16 days from Norfolk for Bordeaux.

Brig Alto, Nickerson, 22 days from Vera Cruz, with specie coffee, cochineal, hides, &c. to E. K. Collins.—Left ship Lavinia, Davis, for Tampico, 20th inst; brig Mary-Louisa, Hutchinson, Philadelphia, do. Spoke, 10th, lat. 24 1-2, long. 31-2 brig Elder-Brewster, 22 days from New-Orleans for Boston, and brig Empress, from Pensacola for this port. Off Chingoteague, schr. Caroline, 6 days from this port for North Carolina.

Schr. Washington's Barge, Page, 20 days from Pass, with merchandise, to J. Howard, and to order. Sailed in co. with schr Gazelle, for Salem. Left brig Ann-Eliza Jane, Curtis, for Madeira, unc; schrs. Pearl, Newell, Boston, do; Lady Sarah, Conway, Salem do. Spoke in the river, schr. Rising Sun, 60 days from Salem.

Br. schrs Mary, Dixon; Champion, Collins; and Wm. Fullerton, from Pictou, with coal to R. J. Cochran.

Schrs. Eastern-tar, Newcomb, from Harwich; Mexico, Sawyer, Wells.

CLEARED. Brigs Tamworth, Moore, Gibraltar; Bashaw, Pearson, Boston; Benj. Ruggles, Waite, Laguna.

PHILADELPHIA, July 28. Arrived brig New-Hanover, Robinson, from Savannah. Left 23d inst. brigs Globe, Freeto, and Wm. Henry Johnson, loading for Europe. 23d, Tybee W. by S. 25 miles, passed ship Emperor.

Brig Lady Washington, Turner, returned leaky.

Schr. Two-Brothers, Willis, from Tampico; schrs. Franklin, Taylor, N. York; Citizen, Baker, do.

Cleared, schrs. Thorn, Crowell, N. York; Jew, Baker, N. York.

BALTIMORE, July 27. Arrived brig Repeater, Forbes, from St. Thomas.

Sailed schr. Conclusion, N. York.

RICHMOND, July 28. Arrived schrs. Frances, Libby, from New-York; Rising Sun, Shaw, do.; Wm. Penn [illegible]

[illegible] Bury, do.; Fair-Play, Arimine, Robinson, do. Sea, Smith, do.; Ellen, Brooks, West Boston.

[illegible] Tea, &c. Rose, [illegible] Capers, Prices, &c. [illegible]

DESKS and DRESS[illegible] voice of elegant Writing [illegible] inlaid with leaf, brass corners [illegible] per Paquet from New York. La[illegible] invited to call at Hewitt & Co's [illegible] Washington street and examine th[illegible] itself.

[illegible] CASES. An [illegible] Books and Drawing Cases [illegible] Ladies and Gentlemen [illegible] No. 25 Jay's building [illegible] july 30

prepared only by [illegible]

FLORIDA WATER. LAROQUE, Chemist, Baltimore [illegible] composition, which is not surpassed by [illegible] ed Cologne or Lavender Water, is obtained [illegible] which grow in the Southern parts of the [illegible] It is an excellent and mild cosmetic, [illegible] nerves, refreshing and beautifying the skin, [illegible] freckles and many other disorders of the [illegible] contributes to a perfect state of health by [illegible] noxious exhalations, and fortifying the debilitated. For Sale Wholesale and Retail, by RICHARD NEWELL, Druggist, Corner of Summer & Bow[illegible] Boston.

Removal.

THE Galaxy Counting Room is removed to corner of Water and Devonshire streets. of july 30

MECHANICS, MANUFACTURERS & OTHERS will find much valuable information in the JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. The No. for July contains Application of Anthracite to Drying Tobacco; Editor on the Quadrature of the Circle; List of Am. Patents for March 1830 with Remarks by the editor; Specifications of Day For Improvement in London Locomotive Carriages and Rail Roads; Splitting, Shaving and Cutting Leather; Improvement in mixing Paints; Improvement in Drawing and Renewing Lotteries; New Alloy for Sheathing Ships; English Patents; For Glazing Horticultural and other Buildings; Preparation of British Tapioca; Improvement in Saddles; Improvement in Making and purifying Sugar; French Ordinances in relation to Steam Boats and Boilers used in Do. High and Low Pressure; Method of calculating the thickness of wrought iron Boilers; Moll on the Invention of Telescopes; On Fusible Metal, instead of Wood Blocks for Calico Printing; Mordant for Calico Printers; On the results of Machinery; On Biscuit Baking by Steam; On Hardy Climbers; On Illumination of Light Houses; On a Photometer for Measuring the Relative Intensity of Light; On Preventing the Discharge of a Bullet from a Gun by the Finger; Discharge of a Jet of water under water; New Lamp; Extraction of Potash from certain Minerals; Recent Improvement in Paper Making &c. This work is published monthly, at five dollars per annum. Subscriptions received by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20 Cornhill. july 29

MR. ADAMS'S ORATION. The Hon. John Q. Adams's Oration, delivered at Quincy on the fourth instant—this day published by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK. july 29

THE YOUNG DUKE, by the Author of "Vivian Grey," in two volumes. A moral tale though gay. This day received by RICHARDSON, LORD, & HOLBROOK. july 29

WANTED, A LOAN OF $800. FOR which the best security will be given, on Real Estate in the immediate neighborhood of the city. For further particulars, apply to H. F. M'ADAM, 18 Tremont street. july 29

THE YOUNG DUKE. "A moral tale though gay." By the Author of "Vivian Grey," in two volumes. Being No. 5 and 6 Library of Select Novels. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20 Cornhill. july 29

JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST. Published by CAREY & LEA.—JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST. Being volume two of the Cabinet Library. [illegible] Plants, trees, and stones, we note; Birds, insects, beasts, and rural things. "We again most strongly recommend this little unpretending volume to the attention of every lover of nature, and more particularly of our country readers. It will induce them, we are sure, to examine more closely than they have been accustomed to do, into the objects of animated nature, and such examination will prove one of the most innocent and the most satisfactory sources of gratification and amusement. It is a book that ought to find its way into every rural drawing-room in the kingdom, and one that may safely be placed in every lady's boudoir, be her rank and station in life what they may."—Quarterly Review, No. LXXVIII. "We think there are few readers who will not be delighted (we are certain all will be instructed) by the 'Journal of a Naturalist.'"—Monthly Review. "This is a most delightful book on the most delightful of all studies. We are acquainted with no previous work which bears any resemblance to this, except White's History of Selborne, the most fascinating piece of rural writing and sound English philosophy that ever issued from the press."—Athenæum. "The author of the charming volume before us has produced one of the most interesting volumes we remember to have seen for a long time."—New Monthly Mag. June, 1829. july 29

HAVERHILL; or Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe.—By James A. Jones, Author of "Tales of an Indian Camp," in two volumes, 18 & 20 published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 & 20 Cornhill. july 29

A NEW NOVEL. HAVERHILL; or Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe.—By James A. Jones, 2 vols. [illegible] received and for sale by RICHARDSON LORD & HOLBROOK. july 22

JEWELL'S APOLOGY. JUST Published, The Apology for the Church of England; and a Treatise of the Holy Scriptures; by Bishop Jewell, with a preface, Biographical Memoir and notes, by W. R. Whittingham, A. M. being vol. 3. STANDARD WORKS of the Prot. Epis. Church. For Sale at 18 & 20 Cornhill, by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS. july 29

BUCKINGHAM'S NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE. This Magazine is to be published monthly, at Five Dollars a year. The numbers will be delivered from the store of MUNROE & FRANCIS, Washington Street: where all orders will be received and promptly executed. july 2

NEW STYLE CRAVATS and POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS, said to be (by dealers) the most splendid patterns ever offered for sale in Boston. Price $2. J. G. SHUTE.

CABINET LIBRARY No I. NARRATIVE OF THE WAR IN GERMANY and FRANCE in 1813 and 1814. By Lieut. [illegible] G. C. B. G. C. H. Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars. ALSO THE PERSIAN ADVENTURER; being the sequel of "The Kuzzilbash." By J. B. Fraser Esq. author of a Tour to the Himala Mountains; Travels in Persia &c. in two volumes. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, 18 and 20 Cornhill, late Market street. July 9

NEW BOOKS. HAVERHILL; or Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe,—By James A. Jones, Author of "Tales of an Indian Camp." The Incognito; or Sins and Peccadilloes, By Don T. de Trueba. The Beauties of The British Poets. With a few introductory observations. By the Rev. George Croly. English and American editions. Three Years in Italy. Narrative of a three years residence in Italy, 1819—1822. With illustrations of the present state of religion in that country. Legends and Stories of Ireland, by Samuel Lover, R. H. A. With etchings, by the Author. Just received for sale by MUNROE & FRANCIS. july 29

MA SINGER'S PLAYS. THE PLAYS OF PHILLIP MASSINGER. Adapted for Family Reading, and the use of young persons, by the omission of objectionable passages in three volumes being No. 1, 2, & 3, Family Library, Dramatic Series. Just published and for sale at 18 & 20 Cornhill, by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS. july 29

NEW NOVEL. DESTINY; Or the Chief's Daughter. By the author of Marriage and the Inheritance. This day received and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.

SUSPENDERS. AN Assortment from 12 1-2 cts. to $2,50 a pair for sale at KIMBALL'S Stock and Suspender Manufactory 12 Washington-street. Among them are the "Combined Roller Suspender,"—the springs in the back of which being concentrated in one are of course much [illegible] than the common article.

PAULDING'S NEW NOVEL. THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.—A tale by the author of "Letters from the South," "The Backwoodsman," "John Bull in America," &c. &c. in two volumes. This day received and for sale by RICHARDSON LORD & HOLBROOK. june 21

Miscellany.

ROBBING A GRAVE.

The next relation we have from the same pen is on a subject from which most readers will revolt. But as it dwells chiefly on the embarrassments, difficulties, alarms, and dangers of the proceeding,—involving, however, in this particular case, some very laughable scenes in the adventures of those engaged in the enterprize,—and in attending to which the unpleasant associations may be forgotten, we have chosen to give it, after making some abridgment.

The writer commences his story by referring to the absolute necessity there is for those who would be skilled in the profession, to have the means of anatomical examinations, and the consequent inevitable resort to the *only means* (however objectionable) that will attain the end. He then proceeds to mention that the occurrences described took place while he was a student at one of the hospitals in London. The patient dying of some disorder the symptoms of which had been of the most perplexing character, it became very desirable to determine the nature of the disease, by examination after death. This the relatives would not consent to, but caused the interment of the body to be made in their native village, about five miles distant. The circumstances of the opposition made by the friends, combined with the intense curiosity felt respecting the real nature of the disease, so excited a few of the students, that they determined, at all hazards, to satisfy themselves in the matter. They accordingly obtained, by means of a spy, precise information as to the place of burial, and mentioned their design to Sir ——, their instructer, for the sake of learning his views:—

"On expressing to Sir —— our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, 'Ah, my fine fellow—IF you have spirit enough—dangerous,' &c. &c. Was it not skilfully said? The baronet further told us he felt himself so curious about the matter, that if fifty pounds would be of use to us, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *eclat* with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M—— and E——, Sir ——'s dressers, and myself, with an experienced '*grab*,' that is to say, a *professional* resurrectionist—were to set off from the Borough about nine o'clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach, provided with all 'appliances and means to boot.' During the day, however, our friend the 'grab' suffered so severely from an overnight's excess, as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew, were absent on *professional tours!* Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of 'ne'er-do-weel' hanger-on at the hospital, whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and in the presence of my two coadjutors, persuaded, threatened, and bothered into acquiescence, promising him half a guinea for his evening's work—and as much whiskey as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick 'grab,' he succeeded in borrowing his chief tools: with which, in a large sack, he repaired to my rooms about nine o'clock, while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received a quiet douceur in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip, under the effects of which he became quite 'bouncible,' and *ranted* about the feat he was to take a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top-coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious about, was the darkness, to shield us from all possible observation. I must own that in analyzing the feelings that prompted *me* to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated as powerfully as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs!—It took our fancy amazingly; and then—Sir ——'s cunning hint about the 'danger'—and our 'spirit!'

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of —— church, with its hoary steeple grey-glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it was standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rudely to violate, Tip's spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, *none* of us felt over much at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hairbrained aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching the grave? They were not likely to stand on much ceremony with us. And then the manual difficulties! E—— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us *spoke* our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach-pocket; and before we drew up, we had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length, the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the churchyard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

'Come, Tip,' said I, 'out with you!'

'Get out, did ye say, sir? To be sure I will—Out! to be sure I will.' But there was a small shew of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for while I was speaking, I was interrupted by the solemn clangour of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sounds seemed to *warn* us against what we were going to do.

'Tis a could night yer honours,' said Tip, in an under tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if any thing was stirring but ourselves. 'Tis a could night—and—and—and'—he stammered.

'Why, you cowardly old scoundrel,' grumbled M——, 'are you frightened already? What's the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane.'

'Och, but yer honours—och! by the mother that bore me, but 'tis a murtherous cruel thing, I'm thinking, to wake the poor cratur from the last sleep.' He said this so pitifully, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his defection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of no use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited *us*. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided us all on jumping into the coach again and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprised of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously! As it were by mutual consent we stood and paused a few moments about half way down the lane. M—— whistled with infinite success and distinctness; E—— remarked to me that he 'always thought that a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable;' and talked about *business*—'soon be over'—shallow grave,' &c. &c. 'Confound it—what if those two brothers should be there?' said M—— abruptly, making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

'Powerful fellows, both of them!' muttered E——. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders—elevated both hands in a listening attitude—and exclaimed 'Whisht! whisht!—By my soul—*what* was that?" We all paused in silence, looking palely at one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little over-head.

'Fait—an' wasn't is somebody *spaking* on the far side o' the hedge, I heard?' whispered Tip.

'Pho—stuff, you idiot!' I exclaimed, losing my temper. 'Come, M—— and E——, it is high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense—and if we mean really to *do* any thing, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet, you see.' Several large drops of rain, pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunder storm. We therefore buttoned-up our great coats to the chin, and hurried on to the churchyard wall, which ran across the bottom of the lane. This wall we had to climb over to get to the churchyard, and it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. He had hardly time, however, to peer over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed in a second or two by a loud burst of thunder! Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cockchaffer shaken from an elm-tree, and lay crossing himself and muttering Pater-nosters. We could scarce help laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flash of lightning. "Now, look ye, gentlemen,' said he, still squatted on the ground, "do you mean to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye're done?—'case, if you won't blood an' oons"——

"Now look ye, Trip," said I, sternly, taking out one of a brace of empty pistols I had put into my great-coat pocket, and presenting it at his head, "we have hired you in this business for want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of this nonsense, I'll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?"

"Och, aisy, aisy wid ye! don't murther me! Bad luck to me, that I ever cam wid ye! Och, and if ivir I live to die, won't I see and bury my ould body out o' the rache of all the docthers in the world? If I don't devil burn me!" We all laughed aloud at Mr. Tip's truly Hibernian expostulation.

"Come, sir, mount!—over with you!" said we, helping to push him upwards.—"Now, drop this bag on the other side," we continued, giving him the sack that contained our implements. We all three of us then followed, and alighted safely in the churchyard. It poured with rain; and, to enhance the dreariness and horrors of the time and place, flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, shedding a transient awful glare over the scene, revealing the white tombstones, the ivy-grown venerable church, and our own figures, a shivering group, come on an unhallowed errand! I perfectly well recollect the lively feelings of apprehension—the "compunctious visitings of remorse"—which the circumstances called forth in my own breast, and which I had no doubt were shared by my companions.

As no time, however, was to be lost, I left the group for an instant under the wall, to search out the grave. The accurate instructions I had received enabled me to pitch on the spot with little difficulty; and I returned to my companions, who immediately followed me to the scene of operations. We had no umbrellas, and our great-coats were saturated with wet; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoes and spades, &c; and taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such energy, that we had hardly prepared ourselves for the work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally rumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unholy doings—at least I felt it so. The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarcely see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got into the ground—taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. On—on we worked, till we had hollowed out about three feet of earth. Tip then hastily joined a long iron screw, or borer, which he thrust into the ground, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth at which the coffin yet lay from us. To our vexation, we found that a distance of three feet had yet to be got through. "Sure, and by the soul of St. Patrick, but we'll not be down by the morning!" said Tip, as he threw down the instrument, and resumed his spade. We were all discouraged! Oh, how greatly I wished myself at home, in my snug little bed in the Borough! I had no time, however, for reflection, as it was my turn to relieve one of the diggers; so into the grave I jumped, and worked away as lustily as before. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, startled me so, that I protest I thought I should drop down dead in the grave I was robbing. I and my fellow-digger dropped our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two, in an ecstacy of fearful apprehension. We could not see more than a few inches around us, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet! They proved to be those of an *ass*, that was turned at night into the churchyard, and had gone on eating his way towards us: and while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw!—Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh! The brute was actually close upon us, and had *given tongue* from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind, as he stood leaning on his spade! Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head and fell down.—Away sprung the jackass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got into it for the purpose of discomfitting us. I felt so much fury and fear lest the noise shou'd lead to our discovery, that I could have killed the brute. if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered in an affrighted whisper, "Och, the baste! Och, the baste! The big black devil of a baste! The murtherous —murthering"——and a great many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whiskey as soon as we arrived safe at home, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy, that we soon cleared away the remainder of the supercumbent earth. We were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice, accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of five or six minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin, and depositing it on the grave-side.

[They were busily engaged in executing the remaining operations to complete their object, when one of them, in the act of lifting the corpse from its resting-place, suddenly let go his hold, and gasping, with an expression of deep terror, "There they are!" seized the arm of his companion.]

He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter where his eyes were directed, and, sure enough, saw the figure of a man—if not two—moving stealthily towards us. "Well, we're discovered, that's clear," I whispered, as camly as I could. "We shall be murdered!" groaned E——. "Lend me one of the pistols you have with you," said M——, resolutely. "I'll have a *shot* for my life, however!" As for poor Tip, who had heard every syllable of this startling colloquy, and himself seen the approaching figures, he looked at me in silence, the image of blank horror! "Hush—hush!" said I, cocking my pistol, while M—— did the same; for none but myself knew they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon withdrew the small scantling of light she had been doling out to us, and sunk beneath a vast cloud, "black as Erebus," but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. "Surrounded!" two of us uttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, "Where are they?—where? *Sure* I saw them! Oh, there they are! Halloa—halloa!"

That was enough—the signal for our flight. Without an instant's pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprung like small-shot from a gun's mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away, scarce knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves,—now coming full-butt against a plaguy tombstone, then stumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed close at my heels, panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe I knew not.—At length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and finding it open at two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue.—At the moment of my ensconsing myself, the sound of the person's foot-steps who had followed me suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stifled cry of "Ugh—oh—ugh!" and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded.—What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch dark—and if I crept from my hiding-place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never!—There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament!—I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till daylight? What was become of my companions? While I was turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two's distance, mingled with the sounds of a half-smothered human voice—"Ugh! ugh! Och, murther! murther! murther!"—another splash,—"and isn't it drowned and kilt I am!"

"Whew! *Tip* in trouble," thought I, not daring to speak. Yes, it was poor Tip—I afterwards found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as fright could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—souse—head over heels, into a newly opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows struck into the loose soil on each side, to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:—

"Och, Tip, ye old divil! Don't it sarve ye right, ye fool? Ye villainous ould coffin-robber! Won't ye burn for this hereafter, ye sinner? Ulaloo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be treated like that poor cratur—and yourself alive to see it! Och, hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then its kilt I'll be!"—a loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he was re-adjusting his footing—"Och, an' I'm catching my dith of could! Fait, an' it's a divil a drop o' the two bottles o' whiskey I'll ever see—Och,och,och!"—another splash—"Och, an' isn't this uncomfortable! an' if ever I come out of this—shan't I be dead before I do?"

"Tip—Tip—Tip!" I whispered in a low tone. There was a dead silence. "Tip, Tip, where are you? What's the matter, eh?"—No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself—"*Where am I?* by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murthered I am—that's all!"

"Tip—Tip—Tip!" I repeated a little louder.

"Tip, indeed! Fait, ye may call, bad luck to ye—whoever ye are—but its divil a word I'll be after spaking to ye."

"Tip, you simpleton! It's I—Mr ——!"

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out, "Who! Who! an' it's you, sweet Mr. ——? What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother's son of you?" he asked eagerly, in a breath.

"Why, what are you doing, Tip? Where are you?

"Fait, an' it's being *washed* I am, in the feet, and in the queerest *tub* your honor ever saw!" A noise of scuffling not many yards off silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E——, calling out—"Help, M——!"—(my name)—"Where are you?" The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking-place, and aided at Tip's resurrection, and both of us hurried towards the spot where the sound came from. By the faint moonlight, I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could come up to them, both fell down locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, gasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think reader, was E——'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had discomfited and affrighted us all,—*our coachman*. That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search after us. He it was whom we had seen stealing towards us; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name, when we should all have understood one another—when lo, we all started off in the manner which has been described; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels, and fled for his life! He supposed we had fallen into a sort of ambuscade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E——. Finding all quiet, he and E——, as if by mutual consent, were groping from their hiding-places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another—each too affrighted to speak—and thence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement, we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, &c. in the coffin, re-screwed down the lid—fearful, impious mockery!—and consigned it once more to its resting-place. The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M——, and E——, and Tip, to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not yet ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence was throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right! On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold it lay several yards further in the lane, tilted into the ditch—for the horses being hungry, and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge, had contrived to overturn the vehicle in the ditch—and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up—his whole body off the ground. and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however—deposited our unholy spoils within, turned the horses' heads towards the high-road, and then, after enjoining Jehu to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that "shovelling *in*, was surprisingly easier than shovelling *out*." We took great pains to leave every thing as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it, as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected."

[A note informs us that the writer has no reason to suppose the friends of the deceased ever discovered the act. On examining the body, it was found that the death had been caused by a complicated disease of the heart. The experience of this one night, we are informed, quite cured the writer of all disposition to be personally concerned in any such operations there-after.]

INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE & LIVER COMPLAINTS

AN EFFECTUAL REMEDY!!

JEWETT'S improved Vegetable Pills, or German Specific will prove a sure remedy for the cure of *Dyspepsia, jaundice, diseases of the liver, headache, heart-burn, sour stomach, loss of appetite, dizziness, weakness of the limbs, costiveness, and piles.*

Among the many testimonials recently received of the salutary effect of these pills, the following *strong proof* is submitted for examination.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mason Knapen, dated Sudbury Vt. Sept. 3, 1828.

Dear Sir—It is with no ordinary interest that I undertake to recommend to the public the virtues of JEWETT'S Improved Vegetable Pills or German Specific, for the cure of indigestion, etc. My own case has been one of the most unconquerable kind, having long set at defiance medical aid, dieting exercises, and the more fashionable specific—the waters of Saratoga. Being totally prostrated in mind and body, I was induced, almost without hope, to make use of the above named Pills, and was surprised to find their powerful and favorable effects. My distressing symptoms daily decreased, and I am now almost entirely cured of a most distressing complaint, which, for seven years, had resisted a great variety of the most popular remedies.

Yours, respectfully,

MASON KNAPEN,

Minister of the Gospel, Sudbury, Vt.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman of Boston, received through the Boston Post-Office, dated Sept. 14, 1828.

Sir—I am induced by feelings of the liveliest gratitude to make known to the public the following cure by means of JEWETT'S Improved Vegetable Pills, or German Specific. My complaint was the Dyspepsia, attended with pain in the side and stomach, loss of appetite, etc. I applied to several physicians, and used all the medicines generally prescribed to persons in my situation; but they proved ineffectual. At last, by the advice of a friend who had been cured in a case something similar to mine. I made trial of the above-named Pills, and by me implicitly following the directions, they gave me almost *instant* relief, and by using two boxes more they effected a permanent cure. I am now enjoying excellent health, and would heartily recommend to those persons laboring under a dispepsia, to make trial of the above medicine.

Many new certificates may be examined on the bill of directions.

Observe that the bill of directions to each genuine box is to be signed H. Plumely, and the label to each box is signed in the hand writing of the joint proprietor.

Certificate of Dr. Baumlin.

The following is a certificate from Dr. C. F. Baumlin, a graduate in medicine at the University of Goettingen.

The subscriber has tested the effects of Jewett's improved Vegetable Pills, in several severe cases of disease of the liver and digestive organs, and the result has convinced him that they are eminently calculated to subserve the purpose for which they are designed. Considering them altogether superior to those articles commonly offered for similar complaints, I would cheerfully add my testimony in favor of so valuable a medicine.

[Signed]

CHARLES FREDERICK BAUMLIN.

Dr. Jewett's American Vegetable Bitters.

These bitters have been extensively used for nearly 30 years, and are highly approved for indigestion, loss of appetite, general weakness, heartburn, nausea, jaundice, sick headache, etc.

They are prepared from vegetables exclusively the growth of our country, and are unquestionably at present before the public the most valuable remedy for those diseases in which bitters of any sort are indicated.

These Bitters are prepared by Stephen Jewett, son of the late Dr. Stephen Jewett, of N. H. and warranted to be of the same quality of those formerly prescribed by his father.—Price 50 cents.

Dr. Jewett's Vegetable Rheumatic and Strengthening Plasters.

For pain in the breast and side, weakness in the joints, rheumatism, etc. Price 50 cents the roll, each of which is sufficient for three plasters.

For sale by LOWE & REED, 111 State-street, BREWER & BROTHERS, 92, JOHN I. BROWN, 425, and N. JARVIS, 183 Washington-street; JOSEPH KIDDER, 90 Court-street; J. P. HALL, 1 Union-street; MAYNARD & NOYES, 13 Cornhill, ISAAC T. DUPEE, 134 Hanover-street, Boston;—and by WHITTON & WHEELER, Cambridge; KIDDER & CO. Charlestown, and G. H. CARLETON, Lowell. 1y may 28

CAPT. HALL'S NEW WORK.

THIS DAY is Published by CAREY & LEA, Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of Naval Life; intended chiefly for the use of Young Persons. By Basil Hall Capt. R. N. in 2 vols. royal 18 mo.

"His volumes consist of a *melange* of autobiography, naval anecdotes and sketches, of a somewhat discursive nature, which we have felt much pleasure in perusing."

"The title page to these volumes indicates their being chiefly intended for young persons, but we are much mistaken if the race of grey beards will be among the least numerous of the readers of "midshipmen's pranks and the humors of the green room."—*Lit. Gaz.* june 28

SWIMMING SCHOOL,

NEAR THE REV. MR. SHARP'S MEETING HOUSE.

Having been thoroughly repaired, is now open. The Proprietor having been at great expense in consequence of the damage sustained in March last, that an Establishment so generally approved of, will be sufficiently patronised to enable him to continue it.

June 4th, 1831

ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA. Vol. 6. This day is published by CAREY & LEA, Encyclopædia Americana; a popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, and Politics, brought down to the present time, and including a copious collection of articles in American Biography. On the basis of the eighth edition of the German Conversation Lexicon. Edited by Dr. Francis Lieber, assisted by Edward Wigglesworth, and T. G. Bradford: vol 6.

*** This work will be completed in twelve large octavo volumes, price two dollars and a half each, strongly bound in cloth.

The department of American Biography, a subject which it should be disgraceful to be ignorant, to the degree that many are, is, in this work a prominent feature, and has received the attention of one of the most indefatigable writers in this department of literature, which the present age can furnish.—*Boston Courier.*

According to the plan of Dr. Lieber, a desideratum will be supplied; the substance of contemporary knowledge will be brought within a small compass; and the character and uses of a manual will be imparted to a kind of education heretofore reserved, on strong shelves, for occasional reference. By those who understand the German language, the Conversation Lexicon is consulted ten times for one application to any English Encyclopædia.—*National Gazette* june 21

IMPROVED STEREOTYPE BLOCK. The subscriber having become proprietor of the Patent Right recently taken out for the IMPROVED STEREOTYPE BLOCK, is now ready to receive orders for the same on terms which he believes will be satisfactory to all persons engaged in the printing business.

This Block is unhesitatingly pronounced by all who have examined it, and witnessed its operation, to be superior to any which has hitherto been offered to the public in this or any other country. It combines in a remarkable degree, simplicity of construction with rapidity of movement; is easily adjusted to the plate, and is less liable to get out of order than the Blocks in common use.

Besides these advantages, the cheapness of the improved Stereotype Block, it is believed, will command attention, while the rates of printing are in their present state. A list of prices is hereto subjoined, in which it will be observed a large discount is made from those of the Stereotype Block now for sale:—

8vo Blocks,	$13 per set.
12mo "	29 "
18mo "	24 "
24mo "	26 "

A further discount will be made to dealers in the trade. Printers may examine the Improved Stereotype Block at the counting room of the subscriber, No. 1, Congress-street, corner of Lindall-street.

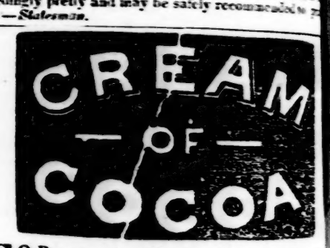
Boston, March 18 FREDERIC S. HILL.

☞ We take pleasure says the Commercial Gazette, *endorsing* the recommendations contained in the following paragraphs from two of the city newspapers of yesterday.

Stereotype Blocks. The present stereotype blocks furnished by Mr. Hill, of the Galaxy, are worthy the attention of every printer in the country who has occasion to use the article of this sort. They have already been introduced into the best establishments in this city, and the specimens sent abroad have increased the orders for a large addition to the number. The block is recommended for its simplicity of construction, its ease in management, its durability, and its reduced price at which it is sold.—*American Traveller.*

Stereotype Blocks. Mr. F. S. Hill, of this city, a printer of a newly invented Stereotype Block, which promises to be of much convenience to the profession. The types are moved by one regular operation, produced by the application of a key, adapted to all blocks in an office, and patent. The plates are immovably fastened till it is necessary to remove them; and in ordinary cases, the operation of fastening or loosening the plates takes but a short time, so little movement is necessary.—*N. E. Palladium.*

Useful Invention. We have seen and examined a neat and beautiful invention recently patented by a mechanic of this city, and now the property of Mr. Hill of the Galaxy. It is an improved Stereotype Block, the mechanical construction of which is exceedingly simple, but which nevertheless, works with great ease, accuracy, and expedition, and is not likely to be put out of order a the printing. The movement of the lips which secure the plate in the Block, is directed up and down an inclined plane operated on by a small key setting into the face of the block near the edge, and turning like a gimblet. The whole affair is exceedingly pretty and may be safely recommended to printers.—*Statesman.*



FOR removing Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Redness, Blotches, and all cutaneous eruptions of the skin. This admirable Cosmetic has received universal approbation by all who have used it. The excellent qualities it possesses is in entirely eradicating from the skin, humors of every kind, from whatsoever cause originating, and producing a soft, clear, and delicate complexion, and the use it imparts to the Neck, Face and arms, a beautiful healthy bloom, preserves the most delicate texture, renders rough and harsh skin beautifully smooth and even by due perseverance in the application of the Cream Cocoa, a delicate complexion is produced. As this cosmetic is innoxious, it may be used with perfect safety by the most delicate Lady or Child. To gentlemen whose beards are tender after shaving the Cream of Cocoa will be found excellent in ameliorating those unpleasant sensations which are often produced. It is highly recommended for Scalds and Salt Rheum.

For sale by HENRY WHITE, corner of Court and Tremont streets.

INDIA RUBBER CAPS. A few boxes Macomber's Patent Water Proof Indian Rubber Caps. Just received and for sale by

CORNELIUS HERSET,

feb 4 No. 1, Congress-Square

TUITION OF VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. *In Single Lessons, and in Classes.*

MR. EDW. RICH. HANSEN, respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. He will give single Lessons either at home or abroad in Singing; also on the Piano Forte, Guitar, German Flute, Violin, Tenor, Violencello, Double Bass, and other instruments.

He will attend Classes of Young Ladies for Singing in his Music Room, two evenings every week; also at Boarding Schools during the day, if such be desired.

He will attend one night weekly a Class of 20 gentlemen, who may desire to improve themselves on different instruments, teaching them how to play together; a course of Lessons, which will not only be progressive but which will also prove agreeable and amusing.

He will attend one night a week a Class for the instruction of the elements of Harmony.

If meeting with sufficient encouragement, he will occasionally add Lectures on various Musical branches which his pupils will all have free admission.

Mr. H. has removed to No. 104, Court-street, (in a private family, a few doors west of Concert Hall,) where he will be happy to inform applicants of further particulars.

march 11. tf

NECK STOCKS. An extensive assortment at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12, Washington-street. march 1

STEWART'S JOURNAL of a visit to the South Seas, in the U. S. ship Vincennes, during the years 1829 and 1830; with scenes in Brazil, Peru, Manilla, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Heiena. By C. Stewart, A. M. in two volumes. Also *Halls Voyages & Travels.* Including Anecdotes of a Naval Life. chiefly for the use of young persons. By Captain Basil Hall, R. N. F. R. S. in two volumes. Just received and for sale by R. P. & C. Williams Nos. 18 & 20 Cornhill.

june 25

REMOVAL. C. BASSETT & Co. have removed from No. 52 & 54 Cornhill, to 7 Washington Street. April 15. epis